WEEKLY COMMERCIAL

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COMMERCIAL, PITTSBURGH.

OUR HEROES.

BY FRANCIS DE HASS JANVIER.

Cheers! Cheers, for our heroes!
Not those who wear eagles,
Not those who wear cockades;
But those who wear scars,
And leaders, and bars;
We know they are gallant,
And honor them, too;
For bravery unfaltering,
The Red, White, and Blue!

But, cheers for our soldiers,
Rough, wrinkled, and brown;
The men who MAKE heroes,
And ask no renown:—
Grand-hit, unstrung,
Intrepid and true;
The bulwark surrounding
The Red, White, and Blue.

Our patriot soldiers!
When treason arose,
And Freedom's own children
Assailed her as foes,
When Anarchy threatened,
And Clit, ey withdrew,
They rallied to rescue
The Red, White and Blue.

Upholding our banner,
In many a field,
The doom of the traitor
They valiantly sealed;
And, worn with the conflict,
Found vigor anew,
Were Victory graved on
The Red, White and Blue!

Yet, loved ones have fallen—
And still, where they sleep,
A sorrowing Nation
Shall silently weep;
And spring's fairest flowers,
In gratitude, strew,
O'er those who have cherished
The Red, White and Blue!

But, glory immortal
Is waiting them now;
And chaplets unfading
Shall bind every brow,
When, called by the trumpet,
At Time's great review,
They stand, who defended
The Red, White, and Blue!

NEW YORK AND PARIS FASHIONS.

FOR JUNE.

[From our Fashion Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, May, 1868.

It seems to me the world would lose a great deal of its attraction if there were no pretty women in it and no pretty dresses. "How much do you suppose that cost?" said a gentleman the other evening, regarding a magnificent embroidered robe worn by a lady near him, with admiring eyes.

"About five hundred dollars," was the answer; "that is undoubtedly one of the famous "exposition" robes."

"Well, I should not mind that sum for a dress like that for my wife, if I had one," said he, "I should like to have my wife wear a dress like that."

I sympathized with him. Next to being able to wear pretty things oneself, a proprietary interest in some one who can wear them would, I should think, be gratifying.

THE NO BONNET

Has come at last. It has been expected that bonnets would come to that for some time, and really the substitute made of a few yards of narrow ribbon, with lace or fringe edge, looks about as much like a bonnet when it is on the head as the bits of straw and lace that come under the proper name.

The "Lea," as the new style is called, consists of ten double loops of narrow ribbon, five to each band, mounted on a strip of foundation muslin an inch in width, covered with silk, the same color as the ribbon. This makes two bands of five loops each, which are fastened to a length of ribbon sufficient to pass round the head and tie under the hair behind. Properly arranged, one band is placed across the top of the head, and the other over the comb or *chignon*, and when the ends are tied behind, few would suppose that any difference existed between the bonnets sold for twenty-five dollars each. For summer afternoon wear they would be immense, as ladies could make a new one every day while waiting for the carriage to drive around, if they wanted to, and pack seventy-five of them in one small hat box.

Another new little article is the introduction of a ruff more imposing than Queen Elizabeth's. It consists of a frill of fluted tulle which passes across the back of the bonnet, descends to the shoulders and forms a square neckline upon the breast, the peculiar oddity has blonde strings which fasten with an ornament upon the breast and then dividing off are narrow low down upon the sides of the dress, where the ends of lace are fastened with a bow and ends of ribbon.

The "casque" is a new little bonnet of straw, the rim of which rolls over in the front instead of standing straight up. It is usually trimmed with leaves and with a scrap of real lace, which is fastened at the back under the bow of ribbon, and forms second strings in front. Leaves mounted on spiral and flexible stems are this season among the most fashionable of ornaments. They have almost superceded flowers. Some are rich in the brown and gold forest; others are touched with fire, and still others shine with a brilliant metallic green. The newest and prettiest, however, are the leaves and flowers of mother of pearl, which in the natural tints compose exquisite coronets. The most elegant bonnets for visiting are now made of lace, embroidered by hand with colored blonde edging and leaves of mother of pearl exactly to match. Sometimes an aigrette of mother of pearl is stylishly placed high on one side of the front. The newest and most distinguished round hats bear a striking resemblance to the hat worn by Ristori as *Marie Antoinette*. The crown is not quite so high, nor the brim so broad, but otherwise it is like it, the same in outline, and in the coquetry of its somewhat wide flexible brim.

Plain round hats of Marseilles or coutelle, some corded, others paluted or scolloped upon the edge, have been a favorite for some little while for traveling purposes for years past because they can be "done up," and are injuriously affected by no accident of weather. In this respect they have the advantage of white muslin bonnets, although the latter, while fresh are more becoming. Round hats of Marseilles can be bought at ladies' furnishing establishments, and cost from three to five dollars each.

UNIFORM COLORS IN COSTUME,

I have intimated several times, is the desideratum now in a stylish costume. It is certainly the most exclusive test of fashion that ever was invented. Everybody now-a-days has diamonds; everybody has India shawls and laces; everybody can have at least one train, but costumes complete in one color and not in one color only but in shade of one color requires not only money but genius, patience, judgment, artistic taste and the habit of elegance and refinement. It is common upon any of our fashionable thoroughfares to see suits complete and even suits with bonnets to match, but it is still more to see complete costumes in one color, and when they are seen the striking effect naturally attracts a good deal of attention. But, although shy of walking down Broadway in them as yet, many ladies wear very beautiful complete costumes for visiting and reception, and a little description of several seen lately will serve to indicate the general style. The first was blue silk with a trimming upon the skirt, and sack of pointed blue velvet and blue crimped tasseled fringe. Blue lace hat, blue boots, blue parasol, and trimmed with fringe, and blue gloves. The only white visible upon the whole person consists of the handkerchief and cuffs fastened with turquoise buttons.

Another was a very elegant costume of rich pearl grey silk; the skirt was bordered with three narrow pinked out flounces, and the sash, the basques and the back of the waist, and the little cross-over Marie Antoinette *fichu* were trimmed to match. The bonnet was of grey tulle, trimmed with blonde of the same shade and a wreath of grey mother of pearl leaves, which crossed the front and descended to the shoulders in a Cordon, upon the scarf ends of tulle which formed ornamented strings in front. The parasol was of pearl grey silk trimmed with narrow ruffles pinked. The boots of pearl grey kid, and fastened with mother of pearl buttons, the gloves exactly matching the dress.

The third was in pale buff, the material of the dress French challe, trimmed with cross cut folds of buff silk, scalloped at the edge of the same shade. The upper dress was cut with a train and looped to form "paniers" over the under skirt. The sacque was short, loose cut with *revers*, and trimmed to match the dress. The bonnet was buff laid, the parasol of pongee silk, and the bonnet of a peculiar shade of buff tulle, trimmed with straw colored blonde and a golden algrette, the scears of which were surmounted with small gold knobs. The exact shade was scarcely so well preserved in this costume as some others, but there was no glaring difference, and the unity was remarkable, considering the difficulty to obtain this color in certain shades.

Lavender is the color most commonly worn in complete costumes, but the most remarkable effect is certainly produced by the absence of all color. A lady the other day appeared upon the streets in a costume all white. Suit of white mohair, trimmed with pipings of white silk and white crimped fringe, white hat, and white kid boots, white parasol and white gloves. The dress was really elegant, but one could not divest oneself of the idea of a baker covered with flour, or a clown in a pantomime.

THE BURNOUS AGAIN.

The new and pretty summer wraps are all in the burnous style. They are made in striped silks and grenadine, the silk *chenil* and richly mounted with tassels and heavy cord. There are also *Algerian* burnous, the stripes of rough unbleached linen, alternating with stripes of Japanese unbleached silk, upon which are printed small Arabic characters.

More dressy *mantilles* are made of white grenadine, with mantilla backs, shawl basquine fronts, which cross over, and long pointed hoods. They are trimmed with handsome crimped tassels and crimped tassaled fringe in some bright color.

The *Pelerentine*," a variation of the Marie Antoinette, is a very graceful fichu, with lace hood, square tabs in front, trimmed with lace and festened down under a belt, to which a wide sash with bows are attached at the back, the ends of the sash are trimmed with lace. Waterproof cloaks are now made with a deep cape, instead of a hood, the cape caught up at the back with two rosettes in the "Colleen Bawn" style. Scotch tartan makes a most stylish traveling wrap than waterproof cloth, and is very *distingue* made in the style above mentioned, with rosettes of silk in the color of the plaid.

MORNING WRAPPERS AND COTTON DRESSES.

Several correspondents, some from distant parts of the country, have written to know how to make calico dresses.

Morning wrappers, of which every lady needs one or two, are gored plain, buttoned down the front, trimmed with a narrow border, in a chintz pattern, or a plain cambric stitched on and finished with two little pockets. Such wrappers as these of prints, in small patterns, can be bought ready made, at a fashionable house, for four and a half dollars each.

Wrappers cut in the same way are made in white piqué, and trimmed with white or colored braid, for nine to twelve dollars, and in unbleached linen, trimmed with white braid (several rows) for nine dollars. These prices are scarcely in advance of the cost of the material and making. I had almost forgotten to say that a sash belt (not a dressy affair) is attached to the back and tied in front. The ends are a little wider than the belt part, and are finished with braid. Dresses of plain cambric or calico are pretty made with deep yokes, stitched in very narrow tucks, and outlined with a narrow double frill of the same, through the center of which a cord runs. The skirt should be very narrow at the top, and finished with a flounce, to which, like that of the waist, will serve as a heading. Flat braid or narrow chintz border, stitched on, may be used instead of the ruffling. The sleeves are slightly fulled at the top, and trimmed on the back and at the waist to match. The waist is finished with a belt.

SUMMER HOLIDAY MAKING.

Persons who expect to make a fortune by keeping summer hotels had better go into some other business, for if the seasons keep changing in the same way and with such rapidity as they have for the past ten years, we shall soon have no summer worth speaking of, as we have now no spring in these northern latitudes. The chilly, damp weather which continued nearly through May postpones indefinitely all idea of going into the country or of making summer trips, and is equally discouraging to business of all kinds. The only things that appear to flourish numerously are weddings, and as clothing, house-furnishings and the like, are fallen to figures unprecedented since before the war, it is probably as good a time as any to commence co-operative movements.

A great deal is said of white satin and lace, splendid *trousseaus*, and one evening dress that cost two thousand five hundred dollars, of another which is a mere bagatelle, and the only duplicate of which is owned by the Empress of Austria; of a set of diamonds worth thirty thousand dollars presented to one bride upon her wedding day, and of an immense establishment chartered for a month to prepare the outfit of another. But it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. I am tired of weddings and sick of hearing about bridal *trousseaus*. Of such gay headlines, and plenty of leisure, why cannot girls make their own *trousseaus*, and save the money for future contingencies? Poor things! they often need it badly enough. It is sad to think how many and pains, and labor, and money, are expended on an event which not unfrequently sets the seal to a lifetime of misery. Relatives and friends vie with each other in piling up gifts and gew-gaws, and then "wash their hands" of all responsibility forever and ever. Out of the stock of trippery the poor bride finds three weeks after her wedding day, scarcely an article of practical value, not one that proves of substantial service, and not unfrequently she looks her bridal gifts and wardrobe in her trunks, and hides her silks and stock of pocket money upon articles that she needs.

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Dry goods of every description and even made up garments which usually bring very high prices, are all at the present time comparatively low. Excellent drillings, satin, jeans, coutelle, fine figures and marsellies, which cost from one to two dollars per yard to import, are selling from fifty cents to one dollar and a quarter per yard.

Poplins, which sold at the beginning of the season for a dollar and a quarter, are now selling for seventy-five cents per yard, and stocks of mixed spring fabrics cannot be got rid of at any price. A rich suit of black Antwerp silk piped in red satin, train of two yards long, valued a few weeks ago at three hundred and fifty dollars is now reduced to two hundred. A walking suit of black silk trimmed with satin and lace, formerly one hundred and sixty five dollars, now one hundred and twenty-five. Other suits in black and colors, beautifully made and richly trimmed, at from twenty-five to fifty dollars, formerly from forty to seventy. Walking suits now can be bought in many houses at less price than they could be made in a fashionable dressmaker, but it is a great point to know where to go to get them; and we have not yet any known house where, at uniformly reasonable prices, a family can be fitted out with just such a thing as they need.

The want is becoming more pressing, however, and there are establishments that are making up to it; the tendency of business is to concentrate itself in fewer hands and in larger streams, and those who first fulfill the great requirements for ladies' and children's ready made clothing of all styles at prices a little over the cost of material and labor, will secure the largest share of fame and profit.

PARASOLS AND OTHER THINGS.

White and light silks are used for elegant parasols this season, either covered with black lace or embroidered in colors, the Breton or Algerine designs. Beading has not gone out altogether, but it is not so fashionable as it was. Black silk parasols, instead of beading or jet embroidery, are ornamented with narrow ruffles notched out upon the edge and scalloped. Parasols for little girls are also trimmed in this way, and are commonly made of light small checks, silk trimmed, with very narrow ruffles in the contrasting color. In linen colors "Oxford" is the latest style—it is very narrow at the back and in front, but describes deep points upon the sides, which is quite taking the place of the "Shakespeare" which it resembles in so long. The veils tied behind with tabs have given place to the hand embroidered face veils which fasten on with an elastic over the top of the bonnet and reach to the chin; the top of the veil is rounded up upon the sides, shirred together, and the lower edge is cut straight. The mask veils have had no success. Aprons for house wear are all the rage I am glad to say; I still always liked them, they are so pretty and picturesque. For morning wear they are made of linen trimmed with braid. For afternoon full dress they are dainty and charming on clean white muslin with little pockets trimmed with Valenciennes lace and blue ribbon.

Ladies who live in the country and work in the garden wear long linen aprons with bibs and sleeves reaching up over the elbows to match. This preserves a pretty morning dress intact and is an idea which will apply to the kitchen as usefully as the garden.

Black is not considered a proper full dress for gentlemen. The regulation costume consists of gold-colored trousers, military blue frock coat lined with white silk and engraved gold buttons, the latter displaying the arms or monogram of the wearer, and altogether to the entire dress the appearance of a livery! Will American gentlemen adopt it?

JENNIE JUNE.

Canine and Feline Jealousy.

A New York letter contains the following:

A striking case of jealousy in an animal occurred last evening. We have a Newfoundland dog, who has been a great favorite in the house and the recipient of much attention. A few days ago we brought homea couple of "pointer" pups, which became objects of great attraction with young and old. The old Newfoundland dog at once manifested great displeasure on the pups making their appearance. When either of the juveniles have petted or played with them he has growled and looked as savage and morose as could be, and he has become an altogether changed animal since their coming. Last evening, while they were being caressed and fondled by the juveniles, the jealous old Newfoundland, with a ferocious growl in his eye, seized the pup in front of us in his mouth and crushed the life out of it in a moment. On relating the circumstance this morning to a gentleman who has had much experience with Newfoundlands, I was surprised to be informed that of all breeds of dogs, they are the most treacherous and jealous. They can never bear to see any other dog receive attentions, and will take a most bitter dislike to any object to the reception of such attention, and cherish their dislike for a long time. At the same time they combine with this treachery and jealousy many splendid qualities. A friend tells me that a cat which has been a great favorite with his children, and played with them constantly suddenly refused to have anything more to do with them when he introduced a terrier into the house a few days ago. Now on coming home at night, the cat flies at the dog the moment the door is opened, and has never endeavored to scratch or bite the children, and prefers to sleep on the soft laps or skulks aways and remains out of sight all the evening.

The Wages of the Prince of Wales.

There is a plan on foot to apply to Parliament to double the wages of the Prince of Wales. The British tax-payer contributes at present the pretty sum of £50,000 a year to the maintenance of his king that is to be. What are called the private revenues of the prince amount to another £50,000, and his actual cash income is a round £100,000 per annum. On the present it is considerable that his royal highness should set up an establishment in Ireland, Parliament is to be asked to give him another £50,000 a year. A respectable public sentiment in favor of the gift has already been created. Perhaps Parliament might divert the revenues of the Irish church, presently to be disendowed, to this pious use. Meanwhile, to convince the nation that he is in want of money, the prince has bought a house in Pall Mall for £18 000, which he is going to fit up in princely style. There is no want of room in London—the number is forty-five, I believe, but the unfilled want which the prince desires to supply is a bowling-club, and alleys are to be built on the American plan. To this new circle no member will be admitted except on invitation. The number will be 350; entrance, 100 guineas. Yearly subscriptions 30 guineas. As the prince is said to owe to a great variety of creditors more pounds than he yearly receives, and as he can only have bought this club-house by the sense of promising to pay for it, there is very reason why Parliament should come promptly to the rescue of his distressed finances. What is the use of being a prince if you can't have your debts paid by the public?—*Letter from England.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

Second Annual Meeting of the Association.

Oration by General Todd, at the Academy of Music.

The Banquet at Lafayette Hall.

Speeches by Ex-Gov. A. G. Curtin, Senator Wm. McCandless, Col. R. Biddle Roberts, Dr. Donnelly and Others.

The Next Session to be Held in West Chester.

The second annual session of the Pennsylvania Reserve Association was held in this city Saturday.

The Association convened at the Academy of Music at ten o'clock in the morning for the transaction of business, and was called to order by ex-Governor Curtin, who expressed the gratification he felt at meeting the men here, and returned thanks for the honor they had conferred upon him in selecting him as Chairman.

John C. Harvey, Secretary, then read the report of the last meeting, which was received, and is in substance as follows:

The first annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Reserve Association was held in the city of Harrisburg, at ten o'clock on the morning of May 30th, 1867.

In the absence of the President and Vice President, General S. W. Crawford was called to the Chair. On account of the absence of a number of the members, it was on motion agreed to adjourn until three o'clock, and the Secretary was directed to post notices of the hour of meeting at the several hotels of the city, on re-assembling at three o'clock, the report of the Executive Board of Directors was approved, when a committee was appointed to wait upon the Governor and notify him that he was ready to receive the annual oration was delivered by General Wm. McAndless, of the Second Regiment. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the meeting in Pittsburgh.

On motion the report was received and adopted.

The Chairman stated that the next business in order was the Annual Oration, but as that had been deferred until the afternoon, the election of officers of Directors, three from each regiment, would be proceeded with, after which an election of officers would be held.

On motion, Biddle Roberts moved that a recess of ten minutes be allowed in order that the members might select the Directors.

The motion was agreed to, and at the expiration of that time the following were reported:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

First Regiment—Adjutant J. C. Harvey, Captain W. B. Sterrett, and Lieutenant Wm. Parker.

Second—Sergeant E. Donnelly, Private Charles Davies, Sergeant A. W. K. Storrie.

Third—

Fourth—Captains J. N. Blundin, Joseph Kimes, Surgeon R. Irvine.

Fifth—Sergeant George C. Kelly, Captain Wm. C. McConigle, Private Wm. Stone.

Sixth—Colonel W. H. Goff, Capt. Chas. Allen, Sergeant J. Dwyer.

Seventh—Col. R. Henderson, Private E. S. Snowden and Lieut. R. Blunt.

Eighth—Sergeant Ed. Able, Privates J. A. Wiley, David G. Adams.

Ninth—Capt. and Lieut. B. F. Blood, Capt. A. W. Rodel, Alex. Arnold.

Tenth—Private John F. McClaran, Sergeant Jar. Wilson, Lieut. W. J. Carson.

Eleventh—Private Alex. Moreland, Captain R. H. Taylor, Col. Alex. McCalmont.

Twelfth—Captain C. W. Crosdale, Lieutenant J. Hall and Brigadier General C. W. Diven.

Thirteenth—

Fourteenth—Sergeant J. K. McGinnis, Major R. Morgan and Lieut. B. Brooking.

Fifteenth—Lieutenant Colonel David Gardner Captain Lukens Nichols, Adjutant Charles C. Townsend.

As the Third and Thirteenth Regiments were not represented, on motion of Colonel Goff, it was resolved that the representatives from Harrisburg name them before leaving.

Colonel Roberts moved that Lancaster be selected as the next place of meeting.

Colonel Goff moved to amend by substituting Westchester. The amendment was adopted.

It was then resolved that the next meeting be held on the Wednesday following the 30th of May, 1869.

The Association then adjourned to meet at two o'clock in the afternoon.

AFTERNOON PROCEEDINGS.

The Association met at two o'clock, ex-Governor Curtin in the chair.

The President stated that a young artist of great promise had made a cast of a figure which would undoubtedly be recognized by the members of the Corps. The artist, Mr. Rimmer, had submitted to the members of the Corps a cast which was modelled in the form of a dying soldier, and was a picture of the valiant soldier in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

The figure was then brought forward and greeted with great applause by the large audience.

THE OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Major John C. Harvey, Secretary of the Association, announced that the Board of Directors had made the following selection of officers for the ensuing year:

President—Hon. A. G. Curtin.
Vice Presidents—Hon. Wm. McCandless.
Corresponding Secretary—Colonel John R. Taggart.
Recording Secretary—Major John C. Harvey.
Treasurer—Colonel John F. Taylor.
Orator—Colonel Elisha Hunter.

The announcement of these names was greeted with applause and cheers.

General Ent offered a resolution authorizing the Secretary and Associate Executive to employ a photographer for the purpose of reproducing the features of each annual meeting, the expenses to be paid by the Association.

In support of this resolution the General said it was a matter of importance that a photographic record of the proceedings of this and future meetings be kept. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Colonel Frank A. Donaldson, Colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment, and General J. How, Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, be elected honorary members of the Association. This was carried unanimously.

Colonel Goff moved that Major General Hon. Charles T. Collins of the 11th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, be elected honorary members of the association.

Ex-Governor Curtin said the kindness of the Association in having been elected by the unanimous vote of the Association to the honor of introducing the orator, General Lemuel Todd.

The latter was received with great applause, and was greeted with cheers. He spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF GENERAL TODD.

Mr. Chairman and General Committee of the Pennsylvania Volunteer Reserve Corps—I greet you to-day on this anniversary of our association, with feelings enkindled and warmed by the memory of old friendships and of common labors and sacrifices, and I humbly hope that our meeting may be productive of good to our country and strengthen the existing ties of friendship and brotherhood, but also to create new ones into all gracefully carry out the duties and history the heroic life of our beloved corps, and in the future to receive the cordial greetings of its noblest men and gallantry. The occasion is an interesting one, and awakens memory and hope, for as we gather here from time to time, we feel the inevitable pursuits, to exchange the cordial greetings so precious in life, to renew a thousand vivid recollections mingling their pathos and sombre hues start up in our hearts, and we gather in instinctive unison in which encamped, and bivouacked, and marched and fought together, and hope that many cherishing ideal of attachment to the Reserve Corps, and the recollection of the hour, speed on to the distant future, laden with deeds of usefulness and honor. Whether to be gratified and exhorted, and of cherished interest for the years after us rest and enjoyed. If, in an effort to revive these recollections, and to keep alive the memory and the glorious duty of honoring the Reserve Corps, and celebrating its heroic deeds, I am to-day, I am justly liable to the charge of egotism, whom will shrink from the consideration, when he may justly claim personal identity with a corps so noble in its origin, so illustrious in its course, and so powerful in its influence upon the destinies of the country. The task is sacred and adored; and if whilst adoring, the transcendent light which it reflects from its burnished shield, should light up, beautify and glorify the faces of the living and glorify the memories of the dead, I shall feel that I have not failed in the duty in the tuition, and pardon us the indulgence of an instinctive thrill in the hallowed duty.

Pardon me therefore if, on this occasion, in avoiding a labored discussion of some social or philosophical theme, I prefer to call to your minds upon some traits in the character of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps which especially fit it for the high vocations, and confer upon it especial honor and enduring fame.

The most distinguished feature in the character of the Reserve Corps was its unselfish patriotism. Liberty and the defense of our land were the only and dissolutely over Fort Sumter and threatened to blot out forever the roll of nations, our organization, Minerva like, sprang into existence, and with the devotion to our fathers flag, without the aid of machinery to fill its ranks, or of great bounties to allure. There it was members were recruited from the best intelligence and respectability, and drawn from every degree, respectability, wealth and enterprise, and displayed by its sublime self abnegation and patriotism. The volunteer in the highest conception of the obligations of citizenship, the purest patriotism and the most unselfish devotion to the public good. Almost without exception its members on entering the corps made substantial sacrifices, and involved the future prospects of many, the disruption of endearing relations and the interruption of business, but gratefully and cheerfully themselves abundantly have satisfied the desires and government the conduct of more sordid men. But, with a few exceptions, controlled by the highest duty and obedience and devotion to God and country, the men of the Reserves closed their offices and counting houses, left the tools and implements of their trade to rust, left the plow in the furrow, the plow in the furrow and the cattle in the fields, and left the unfilled and haunted flag of their country. Applause. No thirst for military glory inflamed their hearts or fevered their blood to that end. No mission but there for power lead them by its seductive and fascinating influences, but the sacred call of liberty and the sacred duty of its defense. None of these considerations moved them or entered into their calculations. They were moved by the higher call of duty, for glory, but from an over mastering inspiration of duty, in which hand in hand, the noblest impulses to labor, to suffer, and even to die in defense of our liberties, and the best elements of manhood and of heroism. This noble enthusiasm for the right and truth, this glorious devotion to duty, this sublime contempt for privation, danger and death, and the crowning characteristic in the history and life of Pennsylvania Reserves, was the sublime and exalted feeling of pride and exultation that rises up in hearts like a fountain of pure water, and which is the source of all true heroism, which animated and governed the individual members. Applause.

Another characteristic of the Reserves, was its elevated spirit of order, based on a cultured sense of propriety and of right. This spirit was developed in itself on all occasions, and strove by its bearing and its deportment to fulfill every condition demanded by loyalty, and the highest ideal of soldierly conduct. Whilst such regime of the corps preserved its own unspotted character in the hour of its trial, it was a shield to every man in the ranks, and a protection to every other regiment, and a terror to evil doers. Such a fraternal feeling of regard for each of its associated regiments, and felt almost as keen an interest in their welfare as they did in their own. Things, each one of them possessed a wider range of thought and of action than was developed in the several regiments, and outslipt them in developing a higher and loftier sensibility and a more comprehensive regard for the public weal. Such a spirit could not but exist between them, as members of the same noble household of virtue, prowess and loyalty, and community of feeling, that caused everything which affected the well being of one of them, to send its thrill of delight or pang of sorrow throughout the entire body. This harmony of feeling, also led to a generous and noble rivalry in every one of the regiments, and to the cultivation of bonds of union and of friendship that almost amounted to that of individualities.

This animated and concentrated, their bright ambition and purpose was developed in unfaltering devotion to the country's defense, and the maintainance of its honor, and in the high military character of the Corps, that would reflect honor upon each individual regiment. It was this spirit and patriotism of our grand old State, and fully and honorably discharge any duty which they owned to her glorious name, of their choice and fame.

Another striking feature in the history of the Reserves was the intelligent appreciation of its duties and identity throughout the vicissitudes of its active and trying career. From the beginning to the end of it there was no pulsation of new life into its ranks, o make up for losses occasioned by disease and battle, which was not intelligently determined to perform the duty of a full corps, exhibiting all the time a courage no danger could disturb, a readiness for difficulties and dangers, for the good of country which grew in intensity as that country's dangers became more imminent, and which at the close of its brilliant career near the spot where it had won the greenest of laurels, there remained none in the ranks who had not survived the test, and stood on the day it was finally mustered out—a corps with the same unbroken spirit of manhood and strength and buoyant in feeling its massive columns, as bright and gay and proud as on the first full day

Weekly Commercial.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

National Union Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL OF PENNA.

JOHN F. HARTRANFT.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL OF PENNA.

JACOB M. CAMPBELL.

CONGRESS—XXIID DISTRICT.

JAMES S. NEGLEY.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

AT LARGE.

G. MADISON COATES, of Philadelphia.
THOS. M. MARSHALL, of Pittsburgh.

District.	District.
1. W. H. Barnes,	13. Samuel Snow,
2. W. J. Pollock,	14. B. F. Wagonseller,
3. Richard Wildey,	15. Chas. H. Miller,
4. G. W. Hill,	16. George W. Elder,
5. Wilson P. McGill,	17. John Stewart,
6. J. H. Bringhurst,	18. A. G. Olmsted,
7. Frank C. Heaton,	19. James Sill,
8. Isaac Eckert,	20. H. C. Johnson,
9. Morris Hooper,	21. J. K. Ewing,
10. David M. Rand,	22. Wm. Frew,
11. Wm. Davis,	23. A. W. Crawford,
12. W. W. Ketchum.	24. J. S. Rutan.

COUNTY TICKET.

SENATOR—JAMES L. GRAHAM.

ASSEMBLY—GEORGE WILSON, MILES S. HUMPHREYS, VINCENT MILLER, JAMES TAYLOR, SAMUEL KERR, GEORGE F. MORGAN.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY—ALFRED L. PEARSON.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY—J. B. FLACK.

COUNTY CONTROLLER—HENRY LAMBERT.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER — JONATHAN NEELEY.

COUNTY SURVEYOR—R. L. MCCULLY.

DIRECTOR OF POOR—J. G. MURRAY.

GENERAL NEGLEY.

The Convention of the Republican party in the Twenty-Second Congressional District on Tuesday had an easy task. The preliminary expression of the people had been so overwhelmingly in favor of Major General JAMES S. NEGLEY that all there was to do was to ratify it, which was done by acclamation, after the letter of Mr. HOWARD withdrawing his name was read.

So well is our candidate known to the entire population of the district, that not even a single word is necessary touching his character and qualifications. He was raised here. Here he volunteered for two wars, in both of which he won distinction, coming out of the last with the highest honors. The Republican party in conferring on him high civil honors and responsibilities have again recognized the services of our soldiers, and made another payment on the immense debt of gratitude which is their due. Thousands outside of the District, who served with our candidate in the field, will be honored by his nomination, and accept the action of the Republicans of Allegheny as proof of genuine appreciation of what is due to them, and a fitting reward of gallant services dating from the very first of the war.

With the varied and important interests of this district Gen. NEGLEY is perfectly familiar, and in Congress they will receive his constant attention and watchful care. Of his election there can be no doubt, and he will enter Congress at a most interesting period, when great questions will demand its attention, and afford an opportunity for the display of those qualities of head and heart which have made him the chosen favorite of his party at home.

THOROUGH ORGANIZATION.

The County, State and National tickets are now before the Republican voters of Allegheny county, and the time for active work has come. The first thing which should engage the attention of the County Executive Committee, to be appointed on Saturday next, is thorough organization. This fact should be kept in view in the selection of the men who are to constitute that Committee. It matters little how the appointments are made, what number shall be chosen; or what districts they belong to, if the men are efficient workers. The success of the the party is what we all desire. Let no man be chosen on the Committee because there is a desire to compliment him, or to please certain parties in his district. The proper inquiry should be: "Is he competent and willing to work?" In this county, where we have so long had a preponderating majority, we have not paid that attention to party discipline which is so essential in other localities, and our organization has become decidedly loose. On the other hand, our opponents have been adjusting their party machinery for several years past, and now have it in systematic working order. They have some appliances which we cannot use, such as the unlimited issue of fraudulent naturalization papers; but the manner in which they have drilled and disciplined their forces, in every county and school district in the State, is worthy of imitation. Indeed, it becomes an absolute necessity for us to effect a thorough organization, or fight at a serious disadvantage. The preliminary steps have been taken for a complete registry of the voters, in every subdistrict, and it will be the first and most important duty of the incoming Committee to see that this work is fully and faithfully performed. That done, the next step will be the appointment of block or sub-district committees, to make the necessary arrangements for having every voter attend the polls on election day. The plan is simple and inexpensive, and efficient beyond any system yet devised. Under its operations we can always depend upon polling the full party vote, and need never experience such a defeat as that of last fall. We hope, therefore, that the new committee will be constituted with special reference to this work, and that the ensuing campaign will prove the efficiency of thorough organization.

GRANT'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE NOMINATION.

"Let us have peace" says GRANT in the close of his epigrammatic letter accepting the nomination of the Republican Convention. Peace is what the nation pants for; is the desideratum of the time. For the realization of that coveted period the great Union party turns to GRANT, and he puts into four words the wishes of the people. The letter of acceptance is brief, terse, and characteristic. General GRANT accepts the resolutions of the Chicago Convention, and by that acceptance plants himself squarely with the Republican party. There is no halting; no construction of sentences to entangle; but an open, frank confession that the proceedings of the Convention "express the feeling of the great mass of those who sustained the country through its trial." The resolutions are indorsed; therefore General GRANT is in harmony with the Convention, and the Convention in harmony with General GRANT.

Acceptance of nomination and intention after election, stand in juxtaposition, judging the future by the past, so that it is essential we should understand GRANT's intentions by his declaration. He has no policy to enforce, unless that policy is dictated by the people, who, in Democratic governments, are the source of all power, and of whose welfare the President is the guardian and protector. If GRANT is President—and of that there is no doubt—it will be his "endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace and protection everywhere."

To a single declaration of that kind there is perfect confidence. GRANT as the nominee—the President in prospective, the virtual President to-day in the minds of the majority of the American people, starts not forth with idiosyncratic blundering as to "my policy," but views himself, if elected, as the servant of the people to execute the laws in their name and for their benefit. We challenge the world to find a better and nobler administration of the laws than seeking to give "peace, quiet and protection everywhere." Laws were made for the protection of the good against the lawless and profane; and when laws are, as they should be, the perfection of human wisdom, their administration to give "peace, quiet and protection everywhere" necessitates the existence of a Chief Magistrate ready at all hazards to "be just and fear not."

In a sentence General GRANT mirrors the fatal blundering of the past. The times are full of pith and moment. Treason gyrates lurkingly, ready to wound but afraid to strike, devising manifold exigencies of embarrassment and asking for impossibilities. "In times like the present," says he, "it is impossible or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years," unless "to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with a view of giving peace, quiet and protection everywhere."

And why not a policy? Why not Johnsonion, Napoleonic, Cromwellian? Because General GRANT, being the elect of the people, respects the will of the people. In this critical period of our history, when "new political issues not foreseen are constantly arising," and the phases of old ones changing, an administrative officer "should always be left free to execute the will of the people." There can be no higher or nobler aspiration in a Republican form of Government than to execute the will of the people. Not the will of one man: not the shadow of one lion-will enchaining a nation; not "my policy," right or wrong, but the will of the people.

What will come from the will of the people? What is the natural order of inquiry in this connection? The man ready to do the will of the people must love the people. GRANT has always respected that, and says emphatically, always shall. From the people comes political power, and by executing the will of the people comes "peace and universal prosperity," for the will of the people is "economy of administration, the burden of taxation lightening, and the reduction of the national debt."

"Let us have peace;" so says General GRANT; and he points clearly how that peace can be obtained. The letter is a manly declaration. It is short, to the purpose and presents the man of action and high resolve conspicuously before the nation. With such a leader we shall have victory and peace.

THE COUNTY TICKET.

The Republican County Convention did its work well on Tuesday. The ticket is decidedly a strong one, and will command the undivided support of the party—thus securing its election by one of the largest majorities ever cast in the county.

Hon. JAMES L. GRAHAM, who has served two terms in the State Senate, heads the ticket. A unanimous renomination is the highest endorsement which he could have desired at the hands of his constituents.

The Assembly ticket is unexceptionable. Hon. GEORGE WILSON, who has served two terms in the House, was re nominated by a flattering vote. His character as a legislator stands deservedly high, and he will be a prominent candidate for the Speakership at the next session, a position which he is well qualified to fill. MILES S. HUMPHREYS is a new man, never having been called to fill any public position heretofore. He is an intelligent gentleman, and a worthy representative of the working classes, having charge of one of our largest manufacturing establishments. VINCENT MILLER is a hard-fisted farmer, and a gentleman honored and esteemed by his neighbors for his integrity and capability. He has never mixed in politics, and it was with difficulty that his friends could obtain his consent to become a candidate. He will doubtless make for himself a creditable record in the Legislature. JAMES TAYLOR is a well known business man of this city, and is largely engaged in the tobacco trade. He has represented his ward in the City Councils, and has the utmost confidence of his fellow citizens, and has the ability to make a good representative. Capt. SAMUEL KERR is one of our oldest citizens, and is extensively known throughout the county. He has never held political position, although he has always taken an active part in politics. He is a new man, but will make an efficient member. Major GEORGE F. MORGAN is a young man, zealous and energetic, and represents the soldiers' interest on the Assembly ticket. He entered the service in the 155th Regiment as a noncommissioned officer, and rose to the rank of Brevet Major.

Gen. A. L. PEARSON, our candidate for District Attorney, is a native of this city, and a young man of good ability. He was liberally educated, and was admitted to the bar some seven or eight years ago. After the war commenced he recruited Company A for the 155th Regiment, Col. E. J. ALLEN, and entered the service as Captain, in August, 1862. In December following, he was promoted to Major; and in July, 1863, was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, and in August following was made Colonel of his Regiment. In September, 1864, he was appointed Brevet Brigadier General, and during the remainder of his service, which terminated June 2d, 1865, he had command of a brigade. He was subsequently brevetted Major General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious conduct. He is now Commander of the Department of Pennsylvania, in the Grand Army of the Republic. He will fill the office of District Attorney with credit, ability and fidelity.

J. B. FLACK, Esq., who is nominated for Assistant District Attorney, is also a young man, but possessed of that energy and industry which are the main requisites to success. He was appointed Deputy District Attorney under Col. DUFF, the present incumbent, and has had considerable experience in preparing bills and transacting the business of the Grand Jury room.

HENRY LAMBERT, who has so ably filled the office of County Controller ever since its creation, has been honored with a unanimous renomination. It is unnecessary to say that the county could not well dispense with the services of one so faithful to its interests.

JONATHAN NEELY, our nominee for County Commissioner, has filled the office for two terms, and his re-nomination is a fitting endorsement of his official record.

J. G. MURRAY, the candidate for Director of the Poor, is a well known citizen, and fully qualified to guard the interests of the County Home.

R. L. MCCULLY, the candidate for County Surveyor, is well suited for the position, and will make an acceptable officer.

We commend the ticket as every way worthy the hearty and undivided support of the Republican party of Allegheny county.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUTE.

Comparative trifles make up the character of men and women. Philosophers arrive at correct estimate of people by studying apparent trifles. The woman who treasures the memory of a lost child or husband, and who decorates a grave with flowers, is not likely to be false to great principles. She who treasures a lock of hair, and connects herself by sweet deeds with lives that are in the infinite, is likely to do duty bravely in the world of trials that await all the faithful. And in the similitude of woman, the loving and true, GOD's highest and noblest gift, it is proper to speak of a nation, which in its phases of majestic beauty keeps solemn memory of those who fell by decorating their graves with spring flowers, emblems of that immortality, the petal of individual and national greatness.

From all parts of the country come accounts of the decoration with flowers of the graves of those who fell or died in the service during the war. MIRABEAU said "Let me fall asleep to the sound of sweet music; let me breathe sweet perfumes and crown me with flowers." Thousands of our heroes fell asleep amid the thunder of cannon and the roar of battle. The earth was stained with blood, and the groans of the dying rose wailing to Heaven. The heart of the nation was stirred; men gave their lives willingly, and in dying gave the greatest possible sacrifice for the safety of the nation.

Now that war has passed, and peace, sweet peace, again blesses the land, the nation remembers the fallen ones as tenderly as the mother keeps alive the memory of her departed child. The mother goes to the little grave, calls to mind the sweet smiles of the dead, forgets the long hours of watchfulness when the child was sick, and only remembers the passages of beauty as she typifies her love with fresh flowers. That woman is safe in her love. She is building up a higher and nobler life and paving the present for a great future she cannot comprehend.

The manifestation of tenderness on the part of the people, like that we are now noticing, speaks of a deep well of tenderness in the nation. The love of dollars has not obliterated sentiment. The nation, as it were, went out to do homage to the illustrious dead. Fresh spring flowers, tokens of immortality and peace, decorated the spots where the ashes of our heroes rest. It was a glorious sight, speaking eloquently for the sentiment of the nation, and should become a yearly custom, as sacred and full of meaning as the Jewish Passover, by which that people celebrate their deliverance from Egyptian bondage.

DISRAELI'S LAST MOVE.

The cable yesterday morning informed the American public that DISRAELI had written a letter to GLADSTONE, stating that he withdrew all opposition to the bill proposing the disestablishment of the Irish Church; but beyond the meagre announcement we were left in doubt what course the wily diplomatist intends to pursue. The action of DISRAELI on the last Reform Bill may afford some clue to his future intentions. When GLADSTONE proposed his bill, reducing the franchise qualification from ten pounds in boroughs and fifty pounds in counties, to seven pounds in boroughs and fourteen pounds in counties, DISRAELI led the tory force in opposition, and the majority in favor of GLADSTONE was so small that he was compelled to resign. GLADSTONE, early in that memorable struggle, with the consent of Lord JOHN RUSSEL, Premier of the Whig Cabinet, announced that the administration would stand or fall by the measure. When Lord DERBY took the reins of power, DISRAELI, as the leader in the Commons, announced a policy as new as it was startling. He said that the Ministry held power only to carry out the wishes of the House of Commons, and he forthwith proposed to proceed by way of resolution. The fourteen resolutions that this astute genius placed before the House of Commons reminded the people of that old distich:

"Strange, such a difference there should be,
Betwixt tweedle-de dum and tweeddle-dum-de."

And as the fight increased, he asked the opposition to propose what they wanted, and if the House was in the humor they would adopt it. The result of this strategy was the passing of the new Reform Bill, which, with a few objections, is more liberal than that on which the Whigs were defeated. The policy was new. If the Whigs had objected, the people would have said that they would not do good when they might, and thus they were driven to do what they had professed for more than thirty years they desired to do.

After the passing of the English Reform Bill, there remained the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills, which it was and is essential that DISRAELI should complete. He knew when he took office that he had not a working majority; he knew that any great question might place him and his ministry *hors de combat*, and his words of bitter taunt, that a grievance of the age of seven centuries should be reserved for his ministry, will be long remembered. At first DISRAELI invoked the slumbering bigotry of the Church party, but was unfortunate in rousing the suspicion of the High Church party. Previously he had declared for the *via media* in church polity; not "High Church" or "Low Church," but a church connected with the State that was dignified and the expression of popular consent. Had a dissenter lead on the opposition, DISRAELI would have achieved a victory; for all the forces of the Church would have united against the heterodoxy of dissent. But GLADSTONE was a churchman; the Whig forces that he led were in the main churchmen, and aided by the dissenters, they formed a phalanx it was impossible to withstand. Even the Orangemen were divided; their aid was of doubtful cast, and, consequently, DISRAELI was compelled to resign or assume his old position of Minister to do the will of Parliament. DISRAELI hastened to the Queen, laid his resignation before her, which she would not accept. By one of those unaccountable freaks in the fancy of Sovereign ladies the author and political adventurer had risen to high honor and favor. The MORDECAI, who had sat at the gate, was in great repute. With audacity consonant with his character, he hinted to the House of Commons that he was a favorite of Her Majesty, and GLADSTONE retaliated on the unconstitutional method of heralding the favor of a monarch for a particular Minister in the face of a majority sufficient to drive a Cabinet ignominiously from power. Then came the threat of dissolution; the fear of the expenses of a general election, and that too with a certainty of a second general election in a few months, when the new constituencies had existence. All these devices failed. The Dissenters were aroused; the Catholics, seeing their political importance, gave assent to views they did not believe, and then, with effrontery and daring, the man who has led the tory Squirearchy of England, and who has climbed by their aid to the highest position, writes to his political foe that further opposition is useless. The letter signifies that DISRAELI is as willing as GLADSTONE to disestablish the Irish Church; that the party he leads will do the work and take the loaves and fishes.

"When the Devil was sick, the Devil a Saint would be,
When the Devil was well, the devil a Saint was he."

Judged by political life, the phase which DISRAELI assumes is novel. He virtually says that a Minister should have no opinions of his own, but should be willing to do what a Parliament demands. He is a Minister without a policy so long as he can keep his place, and that he will keep, unless something unforeseen arises, until the appeal to the country through the extension of the franchise. THOMAS CARLYLE says what DISRAELI is honest amongst scoundrels, for that he admits he is a scoundrel, and seeks not by honeyed words to hide his intention.

We may, therefore, expect, in that great change now taking place in the old world, to see the tories who passed a Reform Bill, against which they warred until they could do so no longer, disestablishing the Irish Church, for the continuance of which they have secretly aided Orange Societies and sowed the seeds of bitterness in national parties; we may see them goaded to work reforms they have professed to dread, and changing with the times into forced and moderate reformers. The news shows the progress of the age. We may complain of the inconsistency and exclaim, *O tempora, O mores*, but truth advances, and the revolutionist of early life, the tory of mature age, and the favored plebeian, who has been chosen to lead the aristocratic forces, may become the agent of the most stupendous reforms slow paced old England has seen.

Affairs in Abyssinia.

Since the storming of Magdala, and the march seaward by the British, the Abyssinians appear to have had what the boys in blue would call "a gay old time." King Theodorus no more, two claimants for the vacant throne appeared, and forthwith the two factions, like the Montagues and Capulets, came to blows. They met, they fought. One chief, more popular than the other, appears to have had an easy victory; for the troops of the unpopular chief hailed the approach of their brethren with pleasure, and finished up the business by cutting off the head of their former master. The Egyptians, it is said, will take possession of the country, which, by the way, is not a desirable part of the world to play any kind of game in, and the Egyptians are perfectly welcome to it.

The Capture of Magdala.

The details of the Abyssinian war have come to hand. Magdala appears to have been a strong place, but there was really no fighting. An eye-witness says: "For fully half an hour the storming party remained huddled helplessly in the path, and if Major Cooper, who commanded them, had not found a way into the place over the stockade near the gate there might have been a heavy loss of life. As it was, fifty determined men might have done great mischief." But there were not fifty, nor yet half a dozen, willing to risk their lives for Theodorus; so that the *bravery* displayed does not amount to much. And why burn Magdala? The correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the place the victorious troops fired: "It consisted of the ordinary collection of huts, most of them built of grass or wood, with thatched conical roofs, and did not boast even one building of exceptional beauty or importance. The church was one of the meanest and dirtiest that we have seen in Abyssinia, while the palace of the great Emperor Theodorus differed only from the surrounding huts of his humblest subjects in being larger, two storied, and with a thatched roof, not conical but oblong, giving it much the appearance of an English barn, except that no decent English farmer would allow any animal that he valued to live in a building so dark, dirty and ill ventilated.

What a picture to present of the residence of a monarch, made famous by a mighty nation putting forth its strength to attack him! The "loot" disappointed the captors. What conquest, to burn a congregation of wild huts. With the exception of the perils of the climate, this Abyssinian war was "Much ado about nothing," and the burning of Magdala and looting will remain an eye sore to the British name.

There are two accounts of the death of Theodorus. The first said he shot himself, and the second affirms that he was killed in battle.

Within a few yards of the spot where the guns were commencing to play on Magdala, "on a ledge, about fifty feet below, lay two large heaps of mangled bodies, closely piled upon each other in ghastly confusion, their limbs protruding from the mass in all sorts of repulsive attitudes and contortions, and presenting altogether a scene of horror such as no pen could adequately describe."

Theodorus is thus described:

"There was a look of bloated sensual indulgence about the cheeks by no means heroic or kingly, but the forehead was intellectual and the mouth singularly determined and cruel. A very strange smile lingered about the lips, as if even in the death throes of his last thought had been one of triumph at having baffled the conquerors by dying a king."

Having completed the work of vengeance and "loot," the army marched to the coast, but we shall be surprised if England is content to leave her grip on a country capable of such poor resistance.

Chances for Greatness.

Can there be anything more satisfactory of the chances for merit in this country than the way that GRANT and Colfax have risen? Only a few years since they were comparatively unknown—one a typo, the other of the honorable calling by which Simon Peter is designated in the Sacred Records. Grant fought himself to the gates of the Temple of Fame sword in hand; and by an admirable display of individualism, prudence, foresight and a natural reticence, stands now foremost amongst the throng of noble men. Colfax wrote and spoke. His logical facts and silver-tongue eloquence brought him forward in the ranks of politicians, and where he will receive the second honor the nation has to bestow. The men have made themselves. They owe their positions to their own usefulness, learning and indomitable courage. The youths of the country should carefully study the means by which these men have gained the confidence of their countrymen, and learn therefrom the practice of the virtues that have made the nominees of the Chicago Convention great.

The New Secretary of War.

The Richmond papers speak warmly and regretfully that Gen. Schofield is about to leave that State. The *Whig* says:

In the transfer of General Schofield to the War Department we will lose his services as Commander of the Military District. As the relation in which he has stood to us now ceases, we can, without embarrassment, say that he has been very popular. He could have been a tyrant; he could not only have outraged us, but insulted us, and rendered himself offensive in every possible way, and yet he was so wonderfully tactful that he has been without appeal and redress. That he has not done so, but on the contrary, has won the confidence of this administration and as considerate in his dealings with us as could be expected from a friend, has not allowed him to be, gives him a strong claim to our respect. He has, in addition, borne himself in an unexceptionable manner, and with much honor in all his relations, official and personal. The almost unanimous feeling of the community in regard to his removal hence is that of regret. The ability, discretion and courtesy which has exhibited in the administration of the affairs of this district have made for him a national reputation, and admiration of him for these qualities will follow him wherever he may be assigned by the united voice of the Executive and the Senate.

The *Enquirer* says there can be no two opinions among those who know him, as to Gen. Schofield's ability; and it finds fault with him only for aiding in Congressional reconstruction. It confesses, however, that he has done this in the least offensive manner possible.

The Fenian Panic.

The Canadians have taken Fenian measles badly. All along the coast preparations are made to repel attacks from "the boys in green," and if said boys intend making demonstrations of a warlike character, they must be very cautious or they will fall into a snare. The presence of a regiment of Fenians would scare the new Dominion badly. We don't say that the invading force would gain much advantage unless that preceding that from frightening unarmed people and having their numbers and powers magnified by cable dispatches. The Fenian picnic held outside this city on Tuesday was a great success, and the daughters of Erin felt proud of their soldier boys—so much so that Mike, an officer in high command, who had to put the force through military evolutions, retired saying, "Be dad, but the gals can call the boys to attention and eyes right quicker than I can." To the ladies belong the victory.

A GATHERING of leading Democrats took place in Albany a few days since, when, it is reported, Ex-Governor Seymour took strong ground for Mr. Chase as the Democratic candidate. He thought that Mr. Chase, by aiding in thus harmonizing the anti-radical elements, would make himself the great leader of his party in the future. In the course of conversation it was hinted that the platform upon which Mr. Chase would stand would be acceptable to the anti-radical party. The Democrats present, representing nearly every section of the State, received Governor Seymour's suggestions, not only with the respect due to their source, but many of them with lively satisfaction. How does our neighbor of the *Post* like this? We should like to know, though it don't make a bit of difference who is the Democratic candidate. For this we have the authority of the *Post* itself.

THE proposition of Mr. Jenckes to postpone the going into effect of the fifty per cent. clause in the bankrupt law for another year, which it was supposed would be generally approved, is arousing unexpected opposition. Petitions have been presented to Congress against the change that is suggested in the present law. In fact, the fifty per cent. clause, declaring that no bankrupt shall be entitled to a final discharge unless his assets produce fifty per cent. of the claims against him, went into operation on the first instant. But Congress can pass a law retrospective in its nature. It is likely, we think, it will do so, notwithstanding the opposition. If it is feared that the extension will operate on contracts made after the 1st, and before June 1, 1869, a compromise might be made so as to confine its operations to cases of debts owing before the present year.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* is not disposed to compliment Kansas on the uprightness and purity of its politics. Referring to the expressions of regret that Ross was chosen Senator instead of Carney, and the belief that he was elected because Carney would not resort to bribery as Ross did, it says:

We have always heard that quite as much money was spent, and quite as liberal offers made, in behalf of Carney as for any other candidate. The plain truth is that Kansas is not a State where incorruptible virtue flourishes to any great extent. A press which improves the treachery of Ross in eulogizing Carney, and representing him as the man of all others to be trusted, can hardly be expected to produce a very wonderful reformation in public sentiment. And a State that elects and tolerates a Legislature whose members sell their votes ought to expect no more honor than Kansas has gained from Lane and Ross. The real difficulty is that the politicians, the presses and the public sentiment of that State are too generally corrupt. Ross represents this State too nearly.

The *Democrat*, it will be remembered, is a Republican paper, and all the more to be respected for the plainness of its speech.

IT is creditable to Speaker Colfax that he repudiated the idea of opening the private letters of Wooley—the contumacious witness—coming into his hands, and declared he would not do it even under the order of the House. There are some things which a truly honorable man instinctively recoils from, and will not do under any circumstances. The following is an extract from the proceedings of the House:

The Speaker—Will Mr. Butler state his proposition?

Mr. Butler—I mean to move that no telegrams or letters shall be referred to witness after he has concluded the House, except after inspection by the Speaker.

The Speaker did not see that he had the right to open anything in a sealed envelope, even by order of the House.

Mr. Butler—I suppose that the Speaker could do so by order of the House.

The Speaker—Not even by order of the House.

MR. WEED repeats the assertion made by him when questioned by Gen. Butler, that "Senator Pomeroy's friends" made "propositions" contemplating votes against the conviction of the President. Mr. Weed adds, however, that he has "no knowledge" of what came of them.

PERSONAL.

—A biography of Hon. Schuyler Colfax is soon to appear, written by Rev. O. G. Moore, now of Denver, Colorado. He was for twelve years the fellow-townsman of Mr. Colfax, at South Bend, Indiana, and pastor of his church there. He began this biography two or three years ago, so that it is not one of the hurried and ephemeral publications so common in election years.

—Horace Greeley wrote the following characteristic letter to the Universal Peace Society: "I believe in peace, and mean to do my best to secure it. My impression, however, is that disarming the good and turning them over to the tender mercies of the bad is not the way to insure it. I apprehend that some of the chronic enemies of peace will have to be disarmed, possibly killed, before we can have universal and lasting peace."

—The Boston *Daily Advertiser* has the following: "The great grandfather of ex-President Fillmore was John Fillmore, of Ipswich. He was a brave man, and one of some note. Having been captured by a pirate, he rose with others, killed the captain and two seamen, imprisoned the crew, six in number, and brought the vessel into Boston harbor. All the pirates were executed. This was in 1724."

—Mrs. Charles, author of the "Schonberg-Cotta" series, is still young, a native of Devonshire, the only child of a deceased member of Parliament, who left her a name greatly respected. Her husband is a London merchant, who shares her tastes and furnishes her ample means for their gratification.

—A story is told of the late Lord Brougham and his mother. The old lady's servant invariably, when accused of breaking anything, replied: "Sure, ma'm, it was crackit before;" and one day when little Henry fell down stairs, and his mother shouted, "Oh, boy, is your head broke?" "No, mother," said the young genius, "it was crackit before."

—Haines, the American champion skater, has recently performed in the principal cities of Hungary. At Pesth not less than five thousand persons witnessed his wonderful performances, and the Magyar aristocracy lavished the most flattering proofs of their admiration on him.

—*Once a Week* says that the following riddle was written by Archbishop Whately, who offered in vain £50 to any one who would guess it:

When from the Ark's capacious round
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the sound
Of hoofs upon the stairs?

An ingenious correspondent of *Once a Week* solves the enigma thus:

To him who cons the matter o'er
A little thought reveals,
He heard it first who most before
Two pairs of soles and heels.

—The Queen of Spain sold her necklace the other day to Madame Mauard, for £24,000. The ex-Queen of Naples has followed her example, and has sold a pearl and diamond necklace, which has been in the Neapolitan royal family for several generations, to a celebrity of the world of Anonymous for £15,000—that is the latter person gave that sum to a jeweller of the Istandilich creed for the necklace, which is described as consisting of a series of medallions, set with pearls of immense size, each medallion connected by chains of diamonds. Worn in her days of regal magnificence by a queen who possessed a spirit of endurance and a courage which it is impossible not to appreciate, however little one may sympathize with the *ôfete* race whence her husband sprang, it will now adorn the shoulders of Mlle. ——. Strange it is, but true, the ladies who gave these prices for royal jewels never have surnames.

Adulteration of Food.

In London, it is nearly impossible to find any article to eat or drink in its pure and natural state. The very water is defiled by sewers, graveyards and leaden pipes; their gin is a mixture of turpentine and oil of vitriol, the water forming its basis, being the only innocent element; the porter, on which the great masses chiefly depend for their drink, contains coculus-indicus, and often alum and salts of steel to give it froth; their tea is either green with copperas, or black with black lead; their coffee is chickory and mahogany sawdust, or oxide of iron; their pickles green with virdigris, and their bread white with plaster of Paris.

It would be agreeable to believe that these and many other such tricks of trade are confined to the other side of the water, but we fear that many of the chemical discoveries are used to fill the pockets of unscrupulous dealers. Some of the substances thus used are in themselves harmless, and would be most valuable discoveries in producing wholesome food and drink. The very much cheaper rate were the article sold for what they really are, and at a fair profit to the producer and trader. Thus we learn the clear, golden syrups are made from starch and the wines and brandies from beet root; coffee really palatable and good from peanuts and many other articles of diet from equally innocent materials. But it is where all these facts are concealed from the public that the later Latin poets mentions the time when its music is at its highest as an alternative expression for noon. Mr. Tennyson, with singular inadvertence, speaks in "Locksley Hall" of the grasshopper being silent in the grass and of the cicada singing when the noonday quiet holds the hill. Without going back to the fountain head, he might have remembered Keat's lines:

"When all the birds are faint with the sun,
And hill to hill is answering how they run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead,
That is the grasshopper's."

But the smallest reference to the Greek poets would have shown how intimately the song of the cicada is associated with the hottest hours of the day. He is called by the Aristophanes *Heliomanes*—mad for love of the sun; and by Theocritus *Aethalion*—scorched by the sun. When all things are parched with heat, says Alcæus, then from among the leaves sounds the song of the sun-loving cicada. His shrill melody is heard in the full grow of noontide, and the vertical rays of a torrid sun fire him to sing.

Prussia and the United States.

The Parisian *Presse* has something to say about Prussia and the United States. Its feelings have been unpleasantly excited about certain things which Count Bismarck is reported to have recently said in one of the committees of the North German Parliament, and it asks:

Are the United States the naval arsenal and shipyard of the Prussian Government? We are justified in asking this question provided the report of what Count Bismarck recently said at a meeting of the Budget Committee of the North German Parliament is correct. He is stated to have intimated that he had, in compliance with the wishes of the French Government, an iron-clad ram-of-war built at Nantes; that that ship was of no account; that Prussia would never again buy French ships; that this should not, however, be looked upon as a matter of great importance, as the United States had always men-of-war which they would be glad to sell, on hand. This statement was coupled with some remarks designed to show that Prussia and the United States are on wonderfully intimate terms. The United States no doubt will be exceedingly proud of the *role* assigned to them by Count Bismarck, to supply his country with old ships if he cannot get them elsewhere.

IT is denied, on the authority of Mr. Seymour it is said, that he is for Chase. So much of the reported Albany conference is said to be bogus. Seymour is too old a politician to commit himself to a movement that would virtually disband the Democratic party.

THE ERUPTION OF MANUA LOA.

An Original Account.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

We have been permitted to copy a letter received in this city from a missionary at the Sandwich Islands, as follows:

HONOLULU, April 13, 1868.

God in his all-wise providence has removed us from the field of our labor, we hope only for a little season. His hand has been heavy indeed on the southeastern portion of our island the district of Kaiu. Almost the entire district has been desolated. The earth has been shaken and rent as it were in pieces, and almost everything on the surface is in ruins. The houses of worship are all prostrate, and the house of Bro. Pogue, at Walokinu, is a wreck, and so are the houses of all the foreigners in the district. All the native villages along the seashore for the distance of fifteen of twenty miles have been destroyed by the tidal wave and by the upheaving of molten lava. It is said that more than one hundred natives lost their lives. Some were buried alive, some swept off by the wave, and others suffocated by the smoke and gases.

No estimate can now be made of the number of cattle and the amount of property destroyed. Most of the foreign residents and many of the natives have escaped with their lives only. We feel great solicitude for Mr. Pogue and family, who were at Walokinu during all these terrific convulsions of nature, and, so far as we know, are still there. But God is their refuge. He had marvellously protected them and many others of His own children amid these most fearful and untold dangers.

Next to the district of Kaiu, South Kona has had the severest shaking, being nearest, and directly on the opposite side of Manua Loa, and directly under, as it were, the great central crater. March 27, early in the morning, we discovered an immense column of smoke and gas, which in a few minutes had attained the height of seven miles, forming huge pillars, grand beyond description. In less than half an hour, these columns of smoke had united up along the slope of the great mountain southward, to the distance of ten or fifteen miles.

We thought it was from a stream of lava, and that it was flowing in a southwesterly direction. As I was on my way to attend a meeting at Kealia, twelve miles south of us, I watched the progress of the smoke with not a little interest, thinking that before evening the stream might reach the sea and cut off our retreat. But the clouds soon shut in the whole mountain, and nothing more was seen during the day. The night came, and we looked in vain for the pillar of fire on the mountain crest, and for the light from the flowing stream. During the whole night no light nor smoke were to be seen. All was clear, and as still as death.

On Saturday morning, the 28th, we had a slight shock of earthquake, and in the course of an hour or two, another, then another, and still another—the intervals becoming shorter and the shocks becoming harder, until about one o'clock P. M. While we sat at dinner, it seemed as if an immense boulder was hurled up under the foundations of our house.

In a few moments the foundations of everlasting hills seemed to give way; the earth groaned and waved to and fro, and trembled as if, in the most intense agony, she were struggling to relieve herself. Avalanches of earth and large portions of land from the "pali" directly in front of the house, were thrown into the sea. Vast quantities of stone wall, fencing, and many stone houses were thrown down. The shocks now became so frequent and hard that they were really alarming. Everybody seemed to wait in breathless silence to see the end.

From one o'clock P. M. Saturday until 11 the intervals between the distinct shocks did not average over three minutes. From eleven until five o'clock Saturday A. M. the shocks were less frequent, but from that time until one in the afternoon the vibration of our house never ceased—the shocks, some light and some hard, were from two to three minutes, but the tremulous motion was continuous.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the shaking continued, some times less and some times more frequent, though not so hard.

On Thursday, during the morning, the shakes were slight, and we began to think earth might be quiet; but in the afternoon, at ten minutes before four o'clock, we experienced the hardest, most fearful and terrific earthquake ever known in these islands. Numerous natives urite their testimony that never was there such terrible shaking at the islands. The whole island seemed like a great ship loosed from her moorings, reeling to and fro, rising and falling, shaking terrifically, as if she were going to pieces.

Every one wanted something to hold to, but there was nothing firm; everything was shaking, reeling and falling. The very air was tossing to and fro, as if they would be uprooted; stone fences, houses, etc., were falling all around us. We tried to be still. We knew it was God—our covenant God and Father. "He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke." We told him we were dust, that he knew our frame, and we felt that the everlasting arms were underneath and round about us. Yet, it was good to feel, when the solid hills of lava were all crumbling, we were on the sure foundation—the Rock of Ages.

For eleven days and nights we waited with intense anxiety—praying, hoping, trusting in the Lord. We longed to see a great crater open or a great river of fire flowing, for then we thought the earth would be at rest. In all this time we had not dressed for bed, but rested on the nights in a tent, spread in our yard a little distance from the house. This was partly to avoid the danger of the timbers and plastering of the house falling and crushing us and partly to avoid the house from the incessant shaking and vibration.

On the night of the 7th of April, as we reclined in our tent, we saw for the first time the light from a crater which had just opened on the northeastern portion of Manua Loa, not far from Waloking, the stream flowing into the sea a little south of that point.

We hoped to have been saved the necessity of leaving the station and our people, especially as it was the busiest season of the year for work in rome portions of the island, but less frequent and less violent.

His Majesty, the King, with a party of expectation, sailed yesterday for Kaiu. The object of the expedition is to relieve and bring away the suffering and any who wish to leave.

We feel that the Lord has been indeed very gracious to us as a family and to our people. In the midst of all the fearful religious interest we left all our houses of worship standing, though the one at Kealia is badly rent, and we have fears it may not stand. The people there, and in the district generally, during all these terrific earthquakes, and when they were afraid to meet in the house they assembled in the yard and there poured out their prayers and praises to the God of their salvation.

Confirmatory Testimony.

During the war Professor Jones, now of the University of Tennessee, held a medical commission under the Confederate Government While serving in that capacity he made an examination of the Andersonville Prison Pens, and forwarded an elaborate report of his examination to the Richmond junta. That report was burned at the evacuation. The original notes, however, were preserved, and here is an extract from them, dated Andersonville, Oct. 19, 1864:

Since the establishment of the prison, to the present time, over ten thousand Feder

The Pittsburgh Commercial: Saturday, June 6, 1868.

Weekly Commercial.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

On the nomination of Grant and Colfax, S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse, contributed the following impromptu to the Chicago *Journal*:

The truth was forgotten and borne in the air,
That Grant and Colfax will standard wear,
Defended by Freemen with terror to foes,
Whose leaders are at last their sure refuge.
Chorus—Then hurrah for Ulysses! hurrah! hurrah!
hurrah!
Hurrah for Colfax! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

That day is soon coming, the battle is near,
When ballots again will speak in their sphere,
That rebels and "coppers" shall writhe in their sins,
While Liberty's brave will stand on the "win."
Chorus—Then hurrah for Ulysses, etc.

Fair Freedom shall rule, fair Freedom shall rule
Both North and South, through Liberty's school;
While traitors must learn of their lessons anew,
That none can govern but the loyal and true.
Chorus—Then hurrah for Ulysses, etc.

Secession is done, secession is done,
For bullets with ballots has Liberty won;
Hence, manners and morals tell, and the cause
And color no more shall be the guide.
Chorus—Then hurrah for Ulysses, etc.

Our Union we'll save, our Union we'll save,
And add to the last for the "Union the stars;"
For Freedom we fought, for Freedom we'll vote,
And the flag of our Union forever shall float.
Chorus—Then hurrah for Ulysses, etc.

We'll challenge the foe, we'll challenge the foe,
For Justice, and Right, and Liberty too;
While Pendleton, their coming man,
Will want affidavits to show that he ran.
Chorus—Then hurrah for Ulysses, etc.

Their talking is past, their talking is past,
For truth, indeed, has found them at last;
They feign not to vote with standing ears,
But that is a trick and just a mere sham.
Chorus—Then hurrah for Ulysses, etc.

'Tis granted that Grant will President be,
And Colfax as next the people will see,
When all the "coppers," along with Seymour,
Will vanish like shadows around the back door.
Chorus—Then hurrah for Ulysses, etc.

ASLEEP OR AWAKE.

I had been in India little more than two years, when I was sent to a frontier station to take charge of half a company of native artillerymen and two guns. It was about the smallest command and the most out-of-the-way, but it was to a great extent an independent one, with very little to do, except to attend muster on the first of every month; and both the the independence and leisure had great charms for a young sub, who, having been early snubbed for "zeal," had made up his mind to let military duties interfere as little as possible with his amusements. To keep the guns in repair, I was allowed an establishment of native smiths and carpenters—some six or eight men; but as the guns were only used on parade, and at other times were kept under cover, they never wanted repair; and I employed the carpenters in making chairs, tables, and all sorts of furniture; and the smiths in making brass-work, bits, stirrup-irons, and amongst other things, the steel heads of spears, for pig-sticking. But as not one of these last plays a part in my story, I should not have mentioned them, but for the sake of a choice specimen had just been finished after a new design of my own—a modification of the laurel-leaf pattern—and my bearer had placed it on a small table, in front of the side of my bed, where I must leave it for the present.

The house next to mine (our compounds, or enclosures surrounding the houses, being separated by a mud-wall) was occupied by the native gentleman generally to be found in India—a married man, with a family, and it was the wife's *ayah*, who, one morning about a week before I had anything to do with the matter, was found dead outside her hut, stabbed apparently with some instrument that had passed completely through her body. She was a good-looking young woman, the wife of the *bheestie*, or water carrier; and they lived as happily as the natives of the two sexes ever do live together, their occasional domestic differences culminating in nothing worse than the customary slanging-match, in which the native female almost invariably silences her male antagonist by the force and endurance of a piercing falsetto, combined with a constant flow of sarcasms, compared with which the nagging of the British Naggleton is agreeable banter. The husband was, however, arrested, but speedily released, for want of any evidence to criminate him; nor were the police at all suspicion by any one as the possible culprit. The police were completely at fault, and the murder, too common an event in India to be even a nine days' wonder, had almost been forgotten.

It was one of those hot, still nights, not unfrequent when the air, after the blasting hot wind of the day, was as still as death, and hot with a heat that was stifling. Not the crisp heat of a big fire, nor the stinging heat of the hottest room in the Turkish bath, but a heavy, moist, relentless heat, that sat *punkahs* and *tatties* at defiance, and weighed upon the brain till a helpless and hopeless feeling of lassitude, akin to despair, made the fitful snatches of sleep resemble painful intervals of prostration from delirium, and the next room—the bath room—burned a wick in a clay saucer full of oil (the native *chiraghi*), and by its faint light, coming through the half-closed door, I had so many times taken up and admiringly examined the spear-head I have before mentioned, that my hand had got familiar with its position.

It must have been about midnight, when in a state of semi-somnolence, I became conscious, or rather felt the presence of some one by my bedside. I fancied I heard—for the lamp had gone out—a hurried breathing and a rustle of a foot on the rush matting. Not a month before *this I had been robbed*, and rather cruelly for a poor subaltern; and a few small articles and other things had disappeared; and I had in vain made every effort to discover the thief or recover the property. It was not unnatural, therefore, that my first and only thought was of robbers, as, seizing my pet spear-head, I plunged it wildly into the darkness. It struck something, ay, it struck flesh, for as I leaped out of bed and made for the door, I felt its point wet and sticky with, what would prove to be blood. When I say door, I mean the entrance into the centre room of the house. The door was open, but in the space hung a folding bamboo curtain, or *chick*, as it is called. The house was the ordinary one, consisting of centre, back rooms on each side of the centre-room, the latter extending the length of the house, and opening back and front into the compound. As I lifted the chick, if I hesitated at all in which direction to pursue, it was for less time than I have taken to write the count, for out on the steps leading from the front door stood between me and the starlight a figure enveloped in the ordinary *chuddu* (sheet) of a native woman. The blood rushed into my face at the instant thought that I had stabbed a woman, but if I recoiled for a moment, with a sense of my cowardice and shame, in the next I was in pursuit, determined to have explained my midnight visit. I called to her as I stepped over the threshold, but as she passed down the steps and round towards the back of the house, where were the stables and some outhouses in which my servants slept, I followed as I ran. I followed, and though the stones hurt and cut me, swiftly as she went, and still refusing to answer me. *I kept her in sight until she disappeared into the house of my khitmutgar* Hingun. The door was shut in my face, and fastened too, for it was not till after fruitless hammering, and when I was on the point of bursting in it, that it was opened by my own servant.

This man had come up the country with me. He had been recommended by the kindest of friends as an exceptionally good "nigger" (*pace* Buxton); and he had fully maintained his character. Indeed, I had a strong liking for him, for he never gave me reason to doubt his honesty, and I had proved his attachment as well as (I hoped) his attachment to me. When traveling up the river, we were caught in one of those tremendous nor'-westers, which, destructive as they are on land, are doubly so on the water. Our boat was driven on a sandbank, which caused it to leak; and it was driven off again, which caused it to fill. The crew and all my servants but Hingun swam to the bank, only some hundred yards distant, and left him alone, floating in the state sailors would call swash. I had retreated to the roof of the cabin, and Hingun had followed me. "Save yourself," I said: "leave me; I cannot swim, and must stick to the boat." His reply was gentle and touching as that of Ruth to Naomi, and to the same purpose; and from that time, I need scarcely say he was my favorite servant. He was my factotum, in short, keeping my accounts, cooking my dinner when I did not dine with mess, and cheekmating, though not without making enemies, the attempted peculations of my other servants.

"Hingun," I said, "who is the woman that just entered your house?"

There was a tremor in his voice as he replied: "Sahib, there is no woman here."

"It is false. Get me a light instantly."

As he fumbled about in search of a match, I heard him muttering to himself some form of exorcism in use with Mussulmans. Seizing him with my left hand, I passed my right down his arm, and took from his fingers the match he unwillingly held; then stopping down to the dying embers of a small fire at which he had been cooking, I kindled the match, lighted the lamp, and turned to examine the chamber. Kneeling on the floor, crouched Hingun. He was quite a man, and of very fair complexion for a native, but now his face was livid, as, with a fixed and vacant expression, a very paralysis of terror, he gazed towards the door. On this right hand I soon noticed a jagged wound, a little below the elbow, clearly quite recently inflicted, for it was bleeding. "What is the matter?" I said, "Are you mad? Who has wounded you?"

No reply till I got between him and the door, and taking him by the naked shoulders shook him till his teeth chattered.

"Where is the woman?" I again asked.

Slowly he grasped out: "Sir, there is no woman: it is a ghost."

"Fool!" I exclaimed, "I saw a woman wrapped in a chudda come in here."

Again he muttered his prayer, as wringing his hands he whined: "*Are, ere, sir*; it was a ghost."

"You saw her, then?" I asked.

Holding his hands in a suppliant attitude, he said: "Forgive me, sahib; it was she who drove me to your bedside just now when you struck me."

"Then it was you I struck?" said I, feeling considerably relieved. "Who is she? then?" And how came she in my house?"

The tears filled his eyes as he replied: "O sir, it is the will of God; you have must tell you all. If he must die, he must die. She said she would never leave me."

He then went on to say that the clergyman's late ayah was his paramour; that she had refused to leave her husband, and live with him. He had then, out of jealousy he had watched his opportunity, and murdered her. He had known no rest since, for the ghost was for ever haunting him, and he wished to die—meant to take poison, but could not; was sorry he had killed him, as undoubtedly he intended me to have done. I told him I should inform the police, and that he would be hanged, to which he merely said: "It is the will of God. What will be, will be."

And here I admit there is a gap in my story that at this point my conduct appears inexplicable and unaccountable. My duty was clearly to have roused the other servants, sent for the police, and given the culprit into custody, but I did nothing of the kind, and I have no recollection of how I got back to bed; but when I did get there, I fancy, what, with the terrific heat and reaction from intense excitement, I must either have fainted or fallen at once into a profound sleep. When I woke, the sun had just topped the horizon, and in the daylight my course seemed plain enough. I rose, ordered my horse, and at once rode over to the magistrate's. He was in his verandah, sitting with several officers, all my friends, taking his little breakfast (*chota hazri*). I suppose I looked queer, for he greeted me with: "Why Gunner, what's the row? You look as if you had seen the devil."

"Do I?" I replied. "Well, perhaps I have."

They all laughed, and began to chaff me; but Lawes, seeing I was serious, took me aside, and asked if anything was really the matter. I told him my story, and, as I expected, he listened and said: "You have had a bad night, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, pulling off a shoe and sock, and showing my scratched foot, "what do you say to this, and this?" producing from my pocket the spear-head, which I had kept in it.

He started on seeing the latter, and taking it in his hand, remarked thoughtfully: "It must have been with something of this kind that the woman was stabbed."

"At all events, it could not have been with that," said I, "for it was only turned out of my workshop yesterday.

"Well," said he, you go home; don't say anything to the man; and I'll came over and breakfast with you at eleven."

I waited impatiently enough for the hour, and had breakfast on the table as I heard the buggy drive into the compound. Lawes sat opposite to me, and Hingun stood as usual behind my chair. Like most of his class, though he could not talk English, he understood it sufficiently to follow the drift of an English conversation. Lawes, who, I noticed, purposely spoke slowly and distinctly, began by observing that the police had a clue to the ayah's murder; that it was said she had a lover, and that he was the suspected man; that the police would arrest him during the day, and that at that very moment they were probably searching his house. As Hingun now stood within a foot of the bamboo curtain, or *chick*, as it is called. The house was the ordinary one mentioned before, both rooms on each side of the centre-room, the latter extending the length of the house, and opening back and front into the compound. As I lifted the chick, if I hesitated at all in which direction to pursue, it was for less time than I have taken to write the count, for out on the steps leading from the front door stood between me and the starlight a figure enveloped in the ordinary *chuddu* (sheet) of a native woman. The blood rushed into my face at the instant thought that I had stabbed a woman, but if I recoiled for a moment, with a sense of my cowardice and shame, in the next I was in pursuit, determined to have explained my midnight visit. I called to her as I stepped over the threshold, but as she passed down the steps and round towards the back of the house, where were the stables and some outhouses in which my servants slept, I followed as I ran. I followed, and though the stones hurt and cut me, swiftly as she went, and still refusing to answer me. *I kept her in sight until she disappeared into the house of my khitmutgar* Hingun. The door was shut in my face, and fastened too, for it was not till after fruitless hammering, and when I was on the point of bursting in it, that it was opened by my own servant.

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A Story of Life in Ludlow.

On the wide sandy plain which stretches its weary monotony between the crowded manufacturing villages of Chicopee river and the quiet villages of Granby and South Hadley, stands a lonely house ten rods from a lonely road. It is of two stories and an L, though the single room in this last is the only room that is inhabitable. The two story part, now a ruin, has never been more than a mere shell. A quarter of a century ago Shubael Jones put it up, planted a little orchard around it, and brought to it a black-eyed, high-tempered wife. But he was at that time an incipient drunkard, and soon every appearance of comfort and domestic happiness fled the place. And one dismal November night the wretched wife summoned her neighbors from their beds to where the poor sot lay dead at the foot of the cellar stairs. No inquest was held, none doubted that he was killed by a fall in a drunken fit in attempting another visit to his cider barrel.

The widow rented the place to a tenant who neither kept it well, nor paid its rent. She went with her little boy, who was not quite an idiot, to work in the paper-mill at the village then called "Skipmuck." For long years she changed from factory to factory as best she could keep her son employed. He was always harmless and still. He was obedient when under his mother's eye and watching at her side. They earned more than they spent, but the prudent people of Ludlow, where they last lived, feared to allow them to "gain a settlement" and thus render their own liable for their future support. So they obtained the connivance of the agent that the widow and her son need not keep strict time, and offered to furnish a room in her old desolate house, three miles from the factory, rent free. The widow was proud woman to understood the motive, and with a flash of her dark-eyes declined their kindness. But she soon bought a little furniture of a family that was moving away and reestablished herself in the gloomy old wreck.

It was now late in the fall when the widow Jones first noticed that the grass was disappearing from the road side by the bars opposite her door. It soon grew obviously worse; and, though a bald spot on a man's head is no great wonder, this bare spot, with no footprints on it, baffled all her ingenuity. The fence, too, seemed worn, as if by loungers leaning upon it. What could it mean? No human gathering could have been held in that lonely place since the day when that mouldering mansion was raised except on that sad day when the mouldering frame of the owner went to its long home.

The explanation of that mystery involves us in a deeper one. One night in September a man from Ludlow was passing the house just after the factory bell had announced the hour of nine. As he neared the house he heard a groan. It was a single groan, and then all was still. But it was such a groan as no one utters twice, and he who hears it never wishes to hear it again. He felt it his duty to enter into the house, but dared not. After long hesitation he went his way, wondering whether the widow had murdered her idiot son or had been murdered by him. And when he saw them both come quietly into the village the next morning he doubted first his eyes and next his memory.

But the same errand again brought him past that lone house a few nights later. Again he heard the nine o'clock bell as he approached the house and again, as he was opposite the house, that dreadful groan. The next night he walked out with a neighbor, so timing his steps that he was near the house both hard that mortal sound. Both were certain that it came from the house.

Three went out, and five, and fifteen and thirty. All heard the groan; and all agreed that it was exact to its time to a quarter of a minute. Old Captain Hardcastle said that if he were shut up in a hold as dark as midnight, he could tell within ten minutes when the time for his 8 o'clock grog had arrived, he couldn't keep time with a ghost. One guessed the spirits heard the bell. The agent stopped the bell one night, but the groan was heard as usual. And it was not a similar groan but the same groan, repeated every night. It was proved to say at once—for I am not propounding a problem in psychology, and I therefore dismiss my feelings—that this state of things went on seriously affecting my health, until the *denouement*, if I may call it, of the mystery.

It was a fortnight after the inquisitorial breakfast that I first noticed a change in Hingun. I had watched him (and he knew it) with the keenness of baffled suspicion; but all I had hitherto noticed was that he appeared to rouse himself with an effort to do what he had previously done with ease and rapidity. He certainly looked ill. There was a jaundiced look in his face, which looked thinner, and his languid manner was in stronger contrast than ever to his former brisk activity. I said nothing; but the doctor, an old friend, came one day. I had Hingun in to be examined. "Oh," said Pills, "it's clear enough he's got spleen; it's as common as babies with those people; and he will probably die." It sounds as a light and trifling remark, but it was by no means; for a kinder fellow than Pills (his nick-name of course) never lived, nor with larger sympathies for his fellow-creatures, black or white. But

Death—when we meet the spectre in our walks,
As we did yesterday, and shall to morrow—
Soon grows familiar.

And this most truly applies to a country where cholera never quits, and where the most hateful lesson one has to learn is a familiarity with death. I remember breakfasting with a man between eight and nine one morning, and at noon he was dead; and on another occasion, I had to dine with a friend the morning after a bachelor party, which broke up only in the small hours, was the death of one who had been the merriest of us all. Whether Hingun took the medicine the doctor sent him, I cannot say; perhaps I ought to have made him take it under my presence; but I did not. He got worse rapidly; and at last his feet and ankles became so swollen, that he could no longer attend upon me, and remained almost constantly in bed, that woman draw out her trundle-bed for that Jacob's-ladder idiot."

"And let me recommend you," added the doctor, "when you find anything you cannot explain, not to jump to the conclusion that it is supernatural. It is more than probable—it is certain—that, if you knew enough, you could find a physical cause for every physical effect."

And so I left the house and went to bed.

A crowd of questions rose to my lips, struggling for utterance, but I checked myself, and said: "Will you tell this to the magistrate?"

"Yes, sir. Send for him, I will confess everything."

Like a good fellow, Lawes came at once on receipt of my imploring note. "Well, Hingun," he said gently, you have something to say to me?"

"Gharib, parwa, I am dying. It is the will of God. *She said she would never leave me.*"

"The very words," I could not help exclaiming.

Hingun then repeated the story, that now for nearly two months had been stereotyped in my memory. He spoke with such difficulty that Lawes wrote as if from dictation, and when he finished, I said: "This is the story you told me that night in your house."

Slowly shaking his head and looking fixedly before him, with the stare I well remembered, he gasped out: "No, no; I never told this before to any one. See! she follows me to the grave, as she said she would;" and then, as his head fell heavily back on the pillow, he muttered the exorcism.

"One word more," said Lawes. "What weapon did you use?"

Shuddering, he hoarsely whispered: "I had cooked the sahib dinner, and the spit was in my hand, when the devil put the bad thought into my mind; then I became mad."

Lawes looked meaningly at me, for this explained the nature of the wound.

We left Hingun to the care of his friends and co-religionists who had waited outside during our interview, to whom, as far as I could ascertain, he spoke no word of his revelation to us, and who, one and all, protested against the suspicion of the murder. Hingun lingered for two days, and I visited him frequently, accompanied sometimes by the doctor, who seemed to grow interested in the case. When all was over, Pills remarked: "Your man has done better for you in that than he could have done by living. After the trial, he'd have been hanged, sure as fate."

"What!" said I, "did he tell *you* about the ghost that haunted him?"

"No. But there was a ghost, was there? It was his high polise and look of terror that the puzzled me. Now I understand. *He was frightened to death.* No medicine would have saved him."

Lawes and I often talked over it, but I argued with him in vain against his matter-of-fact decision. He had settled it that Hingun had committed the murder; that he fancied himself haunted (a very common thing amongst natives); that either fear drove him to my bedside, or that he came to do me another cast, disguised as a woman; that I did not walk in my sleep, but all actually occurred as I had described. Long experience has convinced me of the habitual baseness and falsehood of natives; but Hingun was my friend, my servant, had, in whom I had been able to discover none but amiable qualities, was capable of all this crime, I could not, nay, I cannot believe. Beyond his bare confession, every evidence against him was sought in vain. It is true it must have been some weapon like the spit that inflicted the wound; but deceits sometimes are armed with a short slender spear, and perhaps the spit was the nearest approach to a deadly weapon Hingun had ever handled. Rather, I prefer accepting the unreal view of the matter. He might have loved the woman, though I doubt the possibility of keeping secret a criminal connection. The murder was a great shock to his mind, and he brooded over it till his over-wrought imagination created the vision, and suggested the self-accusation. By what affinitive force I became an accessory after the fact (or the latter reason,) I must leave to the electrophysiologists. In the annals of Dreamland, there are well-authenticated records of far stranger hallucinations.

SNOW STORMS IN MAY.—We are apt to think that this season has been an extrordinary one on account of its late snow sthrms. A few weeks since we gave a list of snow storms in April in which the same party this week former years, and the same party this week former years, and the same party this week former years, and

Weekly Commercial.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

TERMS:

One copy, per year.....$2 00
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ABSORPTION BY THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL OF THE FORT WAYNE ROAD.

The conference in New York between leading managers of the Pennsylvania Central and the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad Companies, has resulted in an arrangement to consolidate the two roads. The contract is in preparation, and in the natural course of events will be signed, by both parties, by the middle of the present month.

This arrangement was sought by the Pennsylvania Central Company, it having exhausted all other means to prevent the construction of the Allegheny Valley and the Connellsville Roads. *This is the controlling and perfectly natural motive on the part of the Central.* The only surprising thing about the proceeding, is that the Fort Wayne managers, especially those of them who are Pittsburghers, should have consented to become parties to it, inasmuch as it was conceived in the spirit of deadly hostility to two great enterprises closely related to our welfare, and will, if consummated, inflict a serious and lasting injury on the business of our city. That the Central should seek to crush, if it cannot control, enterprises which will become rivals to itself; and that in attempting to do this, it should be perfectly regardless of the interests of Pittsburgh, is entirely consistent with its established policy. We must be its customers under all circumstances, and it is quite evident that it means we shall be on its own terms. But it is of great moment to the Central that competing lines are not built, and the managers are famous for their expertness in suppressing new roads. For a long time it had the Connellsville road in its power; but the Legislature and the courts having emancipated that Company from the persecutions of the monopoly, the speedy completion of the road to Baltimore, and a running arrangement with the Fort Wayne, came to be little less than a fixed fact. On the other hand, the Allegheny Valley had made a progress over an exceedingly favorable route to Philadelphia and New York which was to the Central quite startling. A running arrangement between this road, too, and the Fort Wayne had come to be a good deal more than talked about. The situation was one requiring prompt action by the Central. Here were two great roads—through lines from Pittsburgh to tide water at three important points—both seeking and about to obtain with the Fort Wayne an alliance which was mutually important and advantageous, and at the same time perfectly natural in all respects. We need not stop to explain what would be the advantages of such an alliance—in the first place to Pittsburgh, in the second place to the Fort Wayne—which would thereby at once assume the proportions of a great trunk line—and in the third place, to the two new roads. Such an arrangement was one for the Central to break up at any cost. We need not suggest that that Company might well be jealous of such an arrangement, because it would increase immensely the business facilities of Pittsburgh, and crown our struggle for independent connections and competitive lines with success; and because such an arrangement would, for once at least, break down the fixed rule of the Central to crush whatever it cannot control. Having failed to obtain the control of either the Allegheny Valley or the Connellsville, it struck boldly for the Fort Wayne. That road in its possession, there could be no alliance between it and the other two, all hope of westward competition would, for a long time at least, be destroyed, and a blow—deadly it was hoped—would be dealt the Allegheny Valley and Connellsville roads, and Pittsburgh punished for the sympathy and support she has extended to them.

Hence the arrangement, whereby the Pennsylvania Central will eventually swallow the Fort Wayne, the contract for which is to be signed in less than twenty days. In seeking it, the Central has been perfectly consistent—but its consistency is that of an overbearing, heartless monopoly. How it has been able to accomplish it, some may be disposed to wonder. And well may they wonder. But the amazing part of the business is that any man who expects hereafter to look the business men of Pittsburgh in the face, and be credited with friendly feelings and purposes, should have consented to be a party to the arrangement. In this connection we feel that we may safely say, that though this community may not at once successfully resist the machinations of the great monopoly, they can at least visit with their displeasure those of their number who turn against them and put their hands to an arrangement conceived in the spirit of determined hostility to their welfare. And we say with equal confidence, that they will be not less prompt to express their approbation of, and reward as best they can, the action of those who, having the opportunity, shall protect them from their enemies.

Connected with this proceeding are circumstances and facts which will not bear the light of day—all going to show the power of a corporation whose monthly income is two million dollars. It will be time enough hereafter to speak more at length in this regard. Meanwhile, although the agreement has been virtually made, it has not been signed. Designs as well progressed as this is, have before now failed through the refusal of men, more honest than the originators, to ruin themselves to accomplish them. The Central is an imperious master. It permits no backward step in any course it has chosen to pursue. But it remains to be seen whether it can command the co-operation of Pittsburghers to the extent necessary to the accomplishment of this desperate scheme.

THE THING THAT IS NEEDED.

One of the resolutions adopted by the manufacturers in convention at Cleveland a few days since, was in condemnation of the distribution of the offices as the reward of party services, and in favor of fitness as the sole test. After taking this position, the meeting of course found no difficulty in recommending the passage by Congress of the Jenckes Civil Service Bill. Had there been such a law four years ago it is safe to say that our revenue receipts would to-day be not less than at the rate of one hundred million dollars more than they are. The saving might be double this sum. When there is so much corruption, and incapacity, it is difficult to say what would be saved if honesty and capacity were to be substituted. This is the dollar and cent view of the matter. We need not refer to its moral aspect, the debasing influence of the present system of distributing the offices as the rewards of party services, without hardly any reference to the real qualifications of applicants.

There is enough at best that is corrupting in mere party politics; but this is the worst of all. It would be a great day for the country were the offices to be filled by men as capable and honest as are ordinarily selected by persons having important business to be attended to. While there are some good and capable men in office, it very frequently happens—we are not sure it is not the rule—that persons who have miscarried in everything else, receive the appointments.

The Jenckes Civil Service Bill aims at a radical reform of all this, and contemplates that fit men only—fit in morals, fit in capacity, fit in every respect—shall have the offices filled by the Federal Government. There might—and probably would be—a falling short of this perfect line; but a reform of incalculable importance would be inaugurated. The time is favorable for the attempt. It cannot be doubted that Gen. Grant in the Presidential office, so far as it will be possible, will act in the spirit of this bill, whether it is a law or not. What as much as anything has caused his nomination to be received with such general favor, is the fixed belief that he will do his utmost to reform abuses of this character, and elevate the standard of the public service generally. But this cannot be done successfully without legislation, and this Congress should supply it. We are not sure that the passage of the Jenckes Bill would not after all prove the best thing that Congress can give us as a measure of *relief*; for with this secure and rigidly put in practice, every department of the Government would feel the good effects, and it might prove the best revenue measure that can be devised. Faithfulness in office will supply a thousand omissions in the laws themselves; but no law, however wisely conceived or perfect in itself, will serve the intended purpose, with unfaithful and incompetent men in office.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

That our readers may form a proper estimate of the character of the attacks which the Pittsburgh *Post* has made upon Gen. Grant since his nomination as the Republican candidate for the Presidency; the motives which prompt these attacks; and the reliability and the consistency of that paper, we quote in juxtaposition a few extracts from its editorial columns, written *before* and *after* the nomination:

THE POST ON GEN. GRANT.

Before his Nomination.	*After his Nomination.*
The Democracy won't do in the case of Gen. Grant's nomination by the Republican party; thanks to VOTE FOR HIM FOR THE PRESIDENCY! *Our aim should be to strengthen his hands*; to render him as much as possible independent of party, and to ELECT HIM AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE PEOPLE, *unanimously, so much the better.*	We charge the Radical candidate with being a political "guerilla and skulker"—with having no opinions of his own, and with being a mere thing of wax in the hands of the Radical leaders to be moulded by them into any shape they please.
We are inclined to believe that more depends upon General Grant now, than upon any other individuals in the United States. *We believe him to be far superior to the mediocrity of the far sighted politicians who have been trusting the nation without bringing peace or economy to our legislation.* He is known to all the people as A STRAIGHTFORWARD MAN, and so far as can be judged *a man well attempered to deal fairly with the people and all sections of the Union.*	We have no desire to pluck one honestly earned laurel from the brow of the Radical nominee. But he is presented as a military candidate, without political opinions other than those prepared for him by his keepers, and this fact challenges an investigation into his skill as a military leader, and the cost at which his successes were obtained.
WE CONSCIENTIOUSLY BELIEVE THAT IF THE PEOPLE IN GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES CAN COME TOGETHER WITH REAL UNANIMITY ON GENERAL GRANT, IN REGARD TO THE PRESIDENCY, IT WILL BE THE BAPTIEST THING FOR OUR COUNTRY THAT COULD POSSIBLY OCCUR. The future good effects of this course are almost incalculable. We earnestly ask our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully.	Every word of praise extracted from Democratic papers is but a bitter rebuke of their own treachery and of our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully.
Certainly if such a man were nominated by the Democratic party, *as the future good effects of this course are almost incalculable*, We earnestly ask our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully.	Every word of praise extracted from Democratic papers is but a bitter rebuke of their own treachery and of our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully.
The future good effects of this course are almost incalculable. We earnestly ask our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully.	Every word of praise extracted from Democratic papers is but a bitter rebuke of their own treachery and of our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully.
If the people generally believe Gen. Grant to be the man we think he is, *delusion—the saving of individual in the Republican party would compare like a gnat!* compared with the *United States could consolidate against it*—ON beyond his calibre.	Grant having taken upon himself this particular position, *it is unnecessary to find that the votes against him*—ON AND PLEA WHATEVER.

FREE TRADE IN FRANCE.

The great debate on the subject of protection, in the Corps Legislatif, is fraught with interest, not only to France, but to the friends of protection on this side the Atlantic. Dismal pictures were drawn of the state to which the new free trade doctrines, put in force by the commercial treaty with England, had reduced the formerly flourishing industrial interests of France. It was stated that the value of property in the manufacturing districts had depreciated twenty-five per cent., and city merchants estimated their aggregate losses at hundreds of millions. The new system was equally injurious to the morals of the people, as rapid wealth was sought by gambling transactions at the Bourse, where millions were soon lost. The "cheapness" promised by the system of free trade was not realized, as never before had prices ruled so high, and scarcity and distress proved so general among the laboring classes. Sixty-seven iron foundries had been closed in the Roubaix district alone since 1861, and the ship-building and other interests had suffered correspondingly.

Among those who championed the protection policy was the distinguished M. Thiers, who marshalled columns of figures on the subject, and advocated protection to French manufacturers with great force and ability. He took pride in referring to the protectionist speech which he made eighteen years ago, in the National Assembly, and contended that all his prophesies of the evils of free trade had since been fulfilled. How France is to relieve herself from the situation in which she has been placed through the baneful effects of the free trade policy, is a problem of doubtful solution. M. Thiers acknowledges that the argument to all his figures, "that the political state of Europe necessitates perseverance in the course which has been commenced," is a powerful one, but throws the responsibility for this situation upon the government, who has refused to the Chamber the right of regulating the tariff.

This discussion between the leading statesmen of the French nation is not only interesting in the abstract, but will afford much valuable food for reflection among the people of the United States. Our members of Congress might study with profit the arguments advanced by such able statesmen as Thiers, and see in the present condition of the working classes of France the lamentable effects which sooner or later must follow the adoption of the free trade policy of England.

LET CONGRESS ACT.

Impeachment having been disposed of, Congress should address itself at once to the questions relating to the business of the country, dispose of them with the least possible delay, and then adjourn. It is understood that the leading committees are, or soon will be, prepared to report important bills. It has grown to be the habit to report bills only to have them slaughtered—at least to wrangle over till the hairs grow grey on the head of the nation. It rarely happens that bills are improved after they are reported, if the committees have done their duty. Almost anything is better than delay which keeps everybody in hot water. Touching finance and taxation, we are well aware that practical difficulties lie in the way of harmonizing conflicting views; but men must yield, if only to agree to do nothing. The Southern States should be admitted so that they can participate in the Presidential election; and, though not least, the Civil Service Bill of Mr. Jenckes should become a law. Something must be done to remedy the utter demoralization which prevails, especially in the collection of the revenue. The standard of qualification for office must be elevated, and the present Congress would earn everlasting fame by passing the Jenckes Bill. We do not hesitate to say to the Republican majority in Congress, that prompt and judicious legislation on a few leading questions will do more for the Republican cause than anything which lies in their power to do. We hope that they fully realize that now, more than ever before, do the people observe them. It is for them to say whether existing discontent shall degenerate into general disgust.

"Veteran Observer" says he has seen political conventions for thirty years, but has "never known one to be conducted so wisely and prudently as the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1868." The writer might have added, that no Convention has assembled in many years in which so few professional politicians and mere party leaders were present, endeavoring to control its action. At first some were disposed to regard it not as a strong convention on this account, and apprehended unfavorable consequences. But a closer view disclosed the fact that what at first was regarded as evidence of weakness, was the chief strength of the Convention. The delegates were free to speak and act without restraint, in response to the wishes of those who sent them. It sometimes happens that a Convention is cheated into a course quite at variance with its judgment. A few energetic leaders are not unfrequently influential to this extent. But it was not so at Chicago. The average sense of the Republican masses found expression on all points in the harmonious voice of a vast majority of the delegates. The absolute necessity of surrendering nothing to passion, but everything to reason, was the spirit pervading the entire body. It there were exceptions they were without influence. A sagacity and disposition like this could not fail to produce results entitling the convention to the encomiums bestowed upon it. The delegates in their frequent preliminary conferences looked the political situation squarely in the face, anxious to shun what experience had shown to be unwise. Having acted in this spirit, its proceedings are everywhere hailed with unequalled approbation. The Convention was led by its own instinctive wisdom and prudence. In this sense it was conservative in the just sense of the word, a fact due as much as anything to the almost total absence of disturbing influences of every kind—more especially men of extreme and impracticable views, ambitious to cut a figure, bent on inculcating extreme or "progressive" ideas, and intent on committing the Convention to individual animosities, private griefs, impracticable and selfish aims.

WE SOLEMNLY BELIEVE THAT IF THE PEOPLE IN GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES CAN COME TOGETHER WITH REAL UNANIMITY ON GENERAL GRANT, IN REGARD TO THE PRESIDENCY, IT WILL BE THE BAPTIEST THING FOR OUR COUNTRY THAT COULD POSSIBLY OCCUR. The future good effects of this course are almost incalculable. We earnestly ask our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully.

Such were the sentiments of the Pittsburgh *Post* only a few months ago—if honestly expressed no doubt they are its sentiments now. They were the utterance not of the politician speaking under party discipline, but of the impartial recorder of the popular sentiment and his own conviction. If the politician, under the pressure of party necessity, has changed and been compelled to speak in another tone, the people have not. They still think as he wrote, and from present appearances they will vote as they think. They believe now as they have ever believed since Gen. Grant's name came before the people for the Presidency, that his election would be *"the happiest thing for our country that could possibly occur."* It is precisely in this spirit that the canvass is taking shape. The capitalist, business man, mechanic, laborer, all who realize the importance of a stable and honest administration, are turning to him in the civil as they did in the military service. Nor will they be disappointed. In responding to Gen. Hawley's notification speech, General Grant said: "You may be sure that I shall have no policy of my own to enforce against the will of the people." Probably there is not a man in the land, of any party, who doubts Grant's sincerity. When he says a thing everybody feels that he has something to rely on. And he has given abundant proof not only of his sincerity, but of his ability to accomplish results. A President ambitious only to execute the will of the people, with no selfish purpose of his own, clear headed, strong and honest-willed,—it will be a great day for the country when such a man occupies the White House. It is the belief that Gen. Grant will fill this measure of desire that has caused his nomination to be hailed with such unbounded favor.

If the heresy of Repudiation lurks not within the purpose of Democratic politicians, especially those of the Pendleton school, it is difficult to understand why they should be so disturbed by the resolutions of the Republicans at Chicago, denouncing "all forms of repudiation as a national crime," and in favor of paying the National obligations "in the uttermost "good faith, not only according to the letter "but the spirit of the laws under which "they were contracted." If Repudiation is not thought of by them, why do they seek to make an issue in this resolution? There are two—only two—sides to the matter. One is the honest, the other the dishonest side. No one can doubt which side the Chicago resolutions are on; and it is difficult to perceive how one can talk about them except to approve, if he is really opposed to repudiation. It is bad enough that there should be the slightest occasion for putting these utterances into the platform of any party in this country; but it is simply disgraceful that they should be openly quarrelled with by a great political party. The fact that they are so quarrelled with proves that the occasion for standing out on the side of honesty was real; and the Republican party has entitled itself to the support of every honest man in the land for taking the ground it did at Chicago.

General Grant told the committee on the part of the Soldiers and Sailors' Convention that if he did not feel that he had the support of those who were with him in the war, he would hesitate to accept the nomination. It is an important and significant fact that, as a general thing, General Grant has the support of those who fought the rebellion down. There is deep meaning in this,—a fact that links our candidate with the sacred cause which was saved at so terrible a sacrifice. We have a right to expect that those who stood by our gallant soldiers on the bloody field, will not desert them now. That the soldiers, almost in a body, will rally to the Grant standard, we feel entirely confident. Already they are organizing, and the prospect is they will be the most conspicuous in carrying on the Presidential campaign. One of the most gallant of the Boys in Blue, Major General Palmer, of Illinois, in a speech a few evenings since, said: "General Grant, who had so gloriously led the armies of the Republic to victory and imperishable honor, is again at the head of his forces, and would plant the banner of truth, liberty and justice, and political equality on every battlement and fortress North and South."

And now we would ask the Commercial how it stands in relation to the payment of the five-twenty bonds. Does it advocate their payment with gold, or with greenbacks? We'll wager, it will refuse to answer for fear of injuring the bondholders' candidate.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Were we to ask the editor of the *Post* "how he stands in relation to the payment of his debts," and were he, instead of answering squarely that he intends to pay them according to the precise terms under which they were contracted, to quibble, use "ifs" and "buts," or hesitate even, the reasonable inference would be that probably he intended to repudiate or in some way get out of paying his debts. We therefore have no other "answer" than that we "advocate" the payment of the "five twenty" and all other bonds, "in the utmost good faith, not only according to the letter, but the spirit of the laws under which" they were issued. So runs the Chicago Platform. In no plank is to be found the vile heresy of repudiation which lurks in that which the *Post* has built up for itself.

Senators Fessenden, Trumbull and Grimes have taken pains to deny that they have not changed their political views, that they know nothing of the alleged third-party movement, and have had no conversation with Mr. Chase about that or kindred topics. But neither Mr. Chase himself, nor any friend of his, has denied the report that he has said that he is in the hands of his friends and will run if nominated for the Presidency. So it would seem that the third party movement is confined pretty much to Mr. Chase himself. If he is nominated at all, it will be by a small faction of Democrats; the Democrats cannot be dragooned into taking him; should they be he will prove for them a bad bargain. Any one of the other gentlemen named as candidates on that side would be a stronger candidate.

In Gen. Schofield Gen. Grant will have a personal and political friend and supporter in Mr. Johnson's Cabinet. In this respect, at least—so long as Mr. Stanton did not attend the Cabinet meetings—something has been gained by the change. Gen. Schofield belongs to the class of men among whom Gen. Grant will be likely to seek for those to occupy responsible positions, and it is not improbable that the selection will be extended to a longer period than Mr. Johnson's term.

It is reported that great suffering exists among the people in the lower counties of North Carolina, in consequence of the scarcity of corn. The well-to-do portion of those communities, and even the rich, have sold and given away their stores of food until they have been themselves reduced almost to want. It is believed that there will be instances of actual starvation, as many of the most indigent are prostrated for the want of strengthening food.

OBITUARY.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

James Buchanan, the fifteenth President of the United States, expired at his home at Wheatland, yesterday, aged seventy-seven years. He was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, April 22, 1791, his father having been a native of county Donegal, Ireland, and his mother, Elizabeth Spear, the daughter of a farmer of Adams county, in this State. Mr. Buchanan was a graduate of Dickson College, Carlisle, studied law under James Hopkins, of Lancaster, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. He was a successful lawyer, and at the age of forty retired with an ample fortune. In the meantime, he had been elected to the State Legislature, filling the position of representative during the sessions of 1814 and 1815. In 1820 he was elected to Congress, and his speeches on the bankrupt law, the tariff, and other questions, soon gained for him a national reputation. He warmly advocated the election of Gen. Jackson to the Presidency in 1828, and was re-elected to Congress the same year. He was placed at the head of the Judiciary Committee, and was one of the managers appointed on the part of the House in the Peck impeachment case, which was tried at this session. In 1831, having served five terms in Congress, he withdrew from that body, and next served in a public capacity as Minister to St. Petersburg under Jackson's administration. On his return from this mission, in 1833, he was chosen to the United States Senate, and took a conspicuous part in the struggle on the United States bank bill. In 1835 '36 the slavery question was introduced into national politics, and Mr. Buchanan became an earnest pro-slavery advocate. His idea was to get rid of the issue by suppressing agitation, and thus secure the happiness of the slave as well as the security of the master. He ardently sustained Jackson's administration throughout, and possessed great influence with the Executive. During Van Buren's administration he was not so successful as a leader, but earned considerable reputation as a debater. Mr. Buchanan next appeared conspicuously, after the accession of President Tyler, as an advocate for the annexation of Texas, which, however, was not accomplished until after the election of President Polk. His last Senatorial act was to report favorably on the admission of Texas. He was appointed Secretary of State under Mr. Polk, and held that position during the eventful period of the Mexican war. At the close of Polk's administration, Mr. Buchanan retired to private life, but one of the first acts of President Pierce was to appoint him Minister to England, where he remained until the spring of 1856. On his return he was received with marked consideration by his party friends, as they had for some time been urging his claims for a Presidential nomination. In June following he received the nomination of the Democratic Convention, held at Cincinnati, and was elected over Gen. Fremont. The country was now promised rest, as Mr. Buchanan and his friends vainly imagined that "sectional agitation" could be suppressed, and "fraternal feeling" restored. He took early occasion to say that such would be the aim and purpose of his administration, but the Kansas troubles, growing out of slavery agitation, soon exhibited to him his shortsightedness in this respect. His administration was conducted solely in the slavery interest, and the affairs of the government were surrendered to the Southern leaders, who had long been plotting treason, and only awaited a favorable pretext to usurp the national authority, or inaugurate civil war. His weak, vacillating course, after rebellion had been determined upon in the South, and his criminal neglect to assert the power and dignity of the national government in crushing out the first symptoms of armed rebellion, left him responsible, in a great measure, for the fearful consequences which followed. The Southern traitors could not have had a more pliant or willing tool than they had in James Buchanan, and his name must ever be associated by the American people with a feeling of shame and regret. In the height of his popularity he was wont to be called "Pennsylvania's favorite son," but since his unfortunate administration he has been almost universally shunned, even by those who, in times past, partook of his hospitality and ishared his official patronage.

Taxing Capital Stock.

Judge Agnew, of the Supreme Court, has rendered a decision in the case of the Phœnix Iron Company vs. the Commonwealth—error to the Common Pleas of Dauphin county. The important question in this case is, whether a tax upon capital stock, imposed by the acts of 30th April, 1864, and 13th April, 1850, is a tax on dividends, within the meaning of the words, "not paying a tax to the State on dividends made or earned," as used in the fifteenth section of the act of 30th April, 1864. The judgment of the Court below was affirmed, as the following extract from the opinion will show:

The meaning of a tax on dividends was then well known in the legislation of the State, and therefore when it declared that no tax should be paid by corporations *a tax on their earnings or income, except those paying a tax on dividends*, it was clearly not intended to exempt from the tax those merely paying a tax on their capital stock. It is not alleged that the Phœnix Company pays any tax on dividends as such further than the tax on capital graduated by their dividends, under the act of 1850, would be to constitute a tax on dividends. If this be held to be considered, the consequence is that this iron company pays no property tax at all, its earnings or income tax. The rate of interest upon the advances found due for the use of the capital employed, as stated below, under the provisions of the act of 8th of April, 1857, P. L. 88. Finding no error in the record, the judgment is affirmed.

The above was a test case, and in its result by the Commonwealth against twenty-four iron, coal, oil, and other manufacturing companies, judgments have been entered amounting in the aggregate to over $100,000.

Hon. Wm. E. Stevenson.

The many friends here of Hon. Wm. E. Stevenson were glad to take him by the hand yesterday on his arrival on a brief visit to this city, and to congratulate him on being the Union Republican nominee for Governor of West Virginia. Mr. Stevenson deserves well of the people of free West Virginia, for during all his life he has been a consistent friend of freedom in all its political forms, and an advocate of all measures tending to the advancement of the interests of the people and the country. He has taken a prominent part in the public affairs of West Virginia from the date of its existence to the present time, and the unanimity with which his nomination for Governor was made manifests the strong hold he has in the affections of the people of that State. His election is a foregone conclusion.

We are assured by the latest advices that Queen Victoria contemplates retiring to Balmoral for a season, which report appearing at the moment when her name had been brought into some political reproach, has considerably increased that feeling. People have long complained that their sovereign should steadily refuse to find a home in her capital. Keepers of shops and patrons of shops, they who sell silks and diamonds, and they who wear silks and diamonds agreed that the Queen ought to encourage the master passion of either class. Statesmen grumbled because the head of the State kept herself remote at Osborne in the midst of a Ministerial crisis. The crisis is not over, the season is but just begun, yet there is an appalling rumor of a journey to Scotland, and a prolonged residence at Balmoral. The hopes kindled by the actual presence of Majesty at her drawing-rooms are exchanged for fears lest the splendors of the season be again dimmed. Such a journey would do much to diminish the loyalty felt among all classes to the person of the sovereign. It might even cause a repetition of those solemn lectures which from time to time the leading journals and some of the led journals have addressed to Victoria.

It is related in a recent letter that the parishioners of the Bishop of Exeter, England, waited on him with the complaint that for several Sundays there had been no service. The Sunday morning previous the bell was rung as usual, but at ten o'clock the rector's son came and informed the sexton that there would be no service, as his father was ill in bed, and could not leave his house. Consequently the doors were closed. The same evening (Sunday, remember,) the senior church warden "saw the rector behind the door in the Southwestern Hotel in his slippers," and at a later hour he was entertaining a convivial party in the hotel by singing a song called "The Cock-tailed Pig!"

The La Crosse *Democrat* argues that because the National Government during the war struck out of existence at a blow three thousand millions of productive property by the abolition of slavery, therefore it will be practicable to strike the National debt out of existence in the same manner. In other words the proposition is to repudiate the whole debt. This is called the emancipation of thirty millions of whites, who are now the slaves of the bondholders. It can not be denied that the *Democrat* sets forth its ideas with great plainness and courage. It is for this plainness and courage that the party circulate the *Democrat* more widely by far than any other paper.

The *Commercial Bulletin* hits the nail on the head when it says that a large proportion of the taxation levied upon the people never finds its way into the public treasury. It is embezzled by swindling officials. There are also large appropriations for purposes that not only confer no corresponding benefit upon the people, but are a source of corruption by encouraging lazy officials, who are converted from producers into consumers. With the Government in the hands of an administration whereof Grant is the head, will be sure to exert all its power to institute the thorough reform which the people demand.

Schuyler Colfax.

One of the Washington correspondents, who is warm in admiration of Schuyler Colfax, has been collecting from his speeches some passages which particularly illustrate the character and feelings of the man.

Thus he said of moral faithfulness in legislation:

"Whether traveling in the valley of humiliation or disaster, or keeping my eye fixed on the heavens, I believe God reigns! I don't believe his blessings will fall upon the Confederacy. God's ways are sometimes dark, but sooner or later they reach the shining hills of day!"

Of the employment of negro troops he remarked:

"I do not call negro soldiers better than white ones. If I were to express my own opinion it would be that those of my own color are better and braver. For I have always told you, in spite of charges to the contrary, that I believe the Anglo Saxon race was superior to any other that walks the footstool of God!"

He first announced the Republican platform after the breach with Mr. Johnson thus:

"Let us make haste slowly, and we can then hope that the foundations of our government, when thus reconstructed on the basis of indispensable loyalty, will be as eternal as the stars."

In like manner, on April 10, 1866, when he made mild but manly issue with Johnsoff, he said of the civil rights bill, in the first moment of its enactment:

"That law, misrepresented as it has been by its opponents in Congress, will never be repealed, and in the years that are coming it will be the proudest recollection and the crowning honor of those men who stood up in the national councils, that they gave to that American Magna Charta their cordial support."

He treated in this way a taunt of the Democracy:

"The new nickname flung at us is 'Radicals.' I had rather be called a Radical than a Rebel, at any time. I am a Radical for right against wrong; for liberty against slavery; for justice against tyranny—a Radical friend of my country, and a Radical hater of every enemy of my native land; I believe in a Radical government 'of the people by the people' the world over, and in sympathies go toward the Radicals who are trying to imitate our free institutions in Greece, Italy, France, Ireland and Mexico. I wish to see a belt of Republics encircle the globe."

Here is another curt passage:

"I am for leveling up rather than leveling down. I want no one more and more also, if I do aught more to crush any man down lower."

In short, this is Mr. Colfax, as described in the words of his pastor and poet at South Bend, at home:

"Thou art the clear
Persuasive orator of right; the pure
Unsullied statesman; the sincere, sure,
And genial friend, to many hearts how dear!"

General Grant's Church Going.

The wife of General A. C. Harding, Representative in Congress from the Fourth District of Illinois, has written the following letter to the Rock Island (Ill.) *Union*, which is published in that paper of the 27th:

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1868.

Editor of the Daily Union.

Dear Sir—I see by an article published in the Rock Island *Argus* of May 8th, copied from the Springfield *Register*, of the same date, it is asserted that the nearest General Grant ever got to a religious meeting was "standing on the outside to witness the exhibition of himself in the streets of Washington on the 22d Sabbath day." Truth is a sturdy thing, the late lamented popular air, "Dandy Jim of Caroline."

Now, although I have not been a regular attendant of Dr. Sutherland's Church during the winter, I have been there twice within four weeks, and both times General Grant and family were in attendance, and took part in the services. Respectfully,

Mrs. A. C. Harding.

Certain Republican journals are demanding that Judge Chase and Senator Fessenden shall be effaced from our currency issues, and are expending a great deal of breath about the "standing offense" which the faces of these gentlemen are to everybody who uses money. It occurs to us that a good deal more effective points than this can be made, that at best it is not a strong one, and that it is no credit to any one to attempt to electioneer in this way. Such petty rage seldom enlists the sympathy of men of sense. However worthy of condemnation the course of Mr. Chase and Mr. Fessenden may be regarded, small spite like this is likely to do them no injury.

The New York *Tribune* says: "An impression prevails very generally that Congress has passed an act extending the operation of what is known as 'the fifty cent clause' of the Bankrupt act of the 1st of January, 1869. This is an error, however, which may lead many into very fatal delay. The Judiciary Committee have never reported the bill, and we have reason to believe will not report it. All petitions, therefore, under which the bankrupts are unable to show assets to the amount of fifty cents on the dollar, must be filed during the present week or not at all."

We learn from the Meadville *Republican* that Morrow B. Lowrie, of Erie, is a candidate for United States Senator, and that he has recently been visiting Crawford county to secure the nomination of men for the Legislature who will be in his interest. The *Republican* protests against Mr. Lowry's interference in the politics of Crawford county, and asserts that "he has not the slightest claim upon the Republican party, if for no other reason, because of the eagerness with which he stood ready to betray the party upon the finance question."

Four hundred and fifty-one colored emigrants sailed from Savannah for Liberia, a few days ago, mostly farmers and mechanics, well supplied with implements and tools. Turning lathes and the requisite machinery for saw and grist mills, for which ample power abounds in Liberia, were taken by some well-to-do of them. Sewing machines were not forgotten by the women. A fair proportion of the company can read, and some can read and write. The communicants of churches were remarkably numerous. There were five licensed ministers of the Baptist and Methodist denominations.

Lieut. General Sherman has sent a preliminary report to Congress of the operations of the Indian Peace Commission, in which he holds the Commission should do little or nothing until Congress takes action on their report of December last. The friendly Indians along the Pacific Railroad being charged with the depredations really committed by hostile bands, General Sherman deems it essential that the former be removed at once, even at military expense, without "waiting for the lawful but slow action of Congress."

Senator Ross, of Kansas, made a speech in the Senate Wednesday, in the course of which he said:

Within few days before the vote was taken, I do not deny, it had been my intention to support a portion of the articles of impeachment; nor do I deny that I have given numerous reasons when approached me on that subject to understand that such was my intention.

Does Senator Ross also deny that before the vote was taken, his brother received $70,000 from the Treasury Department, for imaginary services in Florida?

The crop reports from Georgia are favorable, but it is much too early to make any predictions as to what the result will be at the corn crib and the gin house when the bushel measure and the scales are applied to the gathered crop. "If nothing happens," as the freedman habitually says in estimating the future, an abundant grain and a remunerative cotton crop will be made this year.

Mr. Tilton referring to the nomination of Grant, says: "Verily, this is a changeful world! Long a partisan of Chase, and never a partisan of Grant, we frankly avow that since these two men have so signally changed places we now a thousand times prefer Grant to Chase."

Some of the Democratic party are looking forward to the arrival of the traitor John C. Breckinridge as the circumstance which will help to solve the difficulty which besets them as to candidates. When he comes he will prove a formidable competitor for the highest honors.

The order of General John A. Logan, Grand Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, relative to the decoration of soldiers' graves, was very generally observed throughout the country on Saturday. Our dispatches give an interesting account of the observance of the day.

Even the frigid tongued and copper-bottomed *Round Table*, is forced to admit that there is little prospect of making a successful stand against Grant and Colfax. Unwillingly it writes as though it knew the jig was up with the Democrats.

The New York *Herald* has got a new ticket for the Democrats—Chase and Dix. This, it thinks, would be a ticket "that would carry the country with a tremendous sweep." The *Herald* only needs the pictures to be the funniest paper going.

The parade of the celebrated Seventh Regiment, New York, on Tuesday, was attended by a band of one hundred professional musicians, besides a drum corps of thirty persons.

English laborers have been almost stationary as respects improvement in their condition during the last century. The average rate of agricultural wages is 12s 6d, or about $4 50 per week; while seventy years ago it was 7s 7½d. The cost of living has risen in proportion with the wages, and few advantages have been gained to compensate for this. In Paris, which may be said to represent France, wages vary from 25 cents to $5 per day, but the average is $1 for men, and from 30 to 45 cents for women, a day's work being twelve hours.

Says the Cleveland *Herald:* A ride from this city to Chicago over the Toledo and Southern Michigan route is literally through a succession of lawns formed by wheat fields. The memory of man runneth not back to the time when the winter wheat stood stouter or more evenly on the ground than it does now, through the wheat portions of Ohio, Michigan and Indiana along the route we flew overa few days since.

THE CAMPAIGN.

Address from the State Central Committee—An Appeal to All Good Citizens.

Philadelphia, May 27, 1868.

To the Voters of Pennsylvania:

The National Convention of the Republican party, with a unanimity and enthusiasm unprecedented, has nominated candidates for President and Vice President and announced the principles upon which they appeal to the people for support. As to the individuals selected no word of commendation is necessary. Their deeds form a part of the history of the country.

No more mature or who the candidates in opposition may be, they must represent an organization that was unfaithful to the country in the hour of its direst peril and false to liberty and the rights of man.

For four years the Republic shook with the tread of armed men in a struggle to determine whether the will of the majority constitutionally expressed should be the law of the land till changed in the mode prescribed by the organized law. In that struggle three thousand millions of treasure were wasted, three hundred thousand hero martyrs found in our ransomed soil their graves, and sorrow sits to-day at almost every fireside, mourning the unreturning brave.

This waste of treasure and legacy of woe was caused by the minority, in a fair election, refusing to submit to the will of the majority constitutionally expressed. Unappealed on the issue hung the life of the Republic and the hopes of mankind.

The only political organization to give aid, sympathy and encouragement to that minority in its attempt to dismember the Republic and thus destroy our liberties, was the party calling itself Democratic. At its last National Convention, while half a million of men were in arms for the overthrow of the Government, it declared the war for the Union a failure, and demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities.

"We were asked to spike our guns when the foe was at bay,
And the rags of his black banner were dropping away,
To take down the proud name our nation had won,
And strike her brave bird from its home in the sun."

Had the policy of the Democratic party been successful, the genius of impartial history would have written on the tombstone of the present generation an epitaph of indelible, unfading and endless disgrace—that it preferred the Republic should die rather than endure the sacrifices necessary for it to live.

The men and the party that saved the Government in war can preserve and protect it in peace. The great captain of the age will lead the loyal hosts of the Republic to victory in November next, as he led its armies at Donelson, Vicksburg, and Appomattox Court House.

Republicans of the Keystone State, efficient organization secures certain victory. Your party in its infancy saved the Territories of the Union from the blight and curse of human bondage, and consecrated them forever to free homes and free men. In its early manhood it has grappled and crushed the most gigantic conspiracy ever formed for the destruction of liberty and free government. Treachery of public servants or apostasy of trusted leaders cannot stay its onward march.

With truth and justice for weapons, and the hearts of the people for a bulwark, if true to yourselves, a certain victory awaits you.

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

GALUSHA A. GROW,
Chairman State Central Rep. Committee.

Lawyers in England.

The present number of barristers in England is rather less than 5000. Of these a few gain enormous incomes, sometimes reaching £15,000 or even £20,000 a year, and many acquire handsome competencies. Barristers have a position in society which no trade in the country obtains, and have the advantage also of being eligible to many offices and dignities of state from which every one outside the profession is excluded. How often do I hear literary men exclaim after middle life is reached "What things I might have had if I had gone to the bar!" Where there are hundreds who never see a brief or have their professional training brought into play, but either go into literature, marry some one with money, or life in chambers on some small family property,—there is at the same time the fact that half the House of Peers is filled with legal lords of the present day or the descendants of those of former days, showing what prizes lie within their reach. Clear the profession of the abuses and right of admitting outsiders to the ranks of the profession. Each inn is governed by "benches" who have the control of all funds and the call of men to "the bar." One inn has an annual income of about £31,000; a second has about £13,000, a third £18,000, and a fourth about